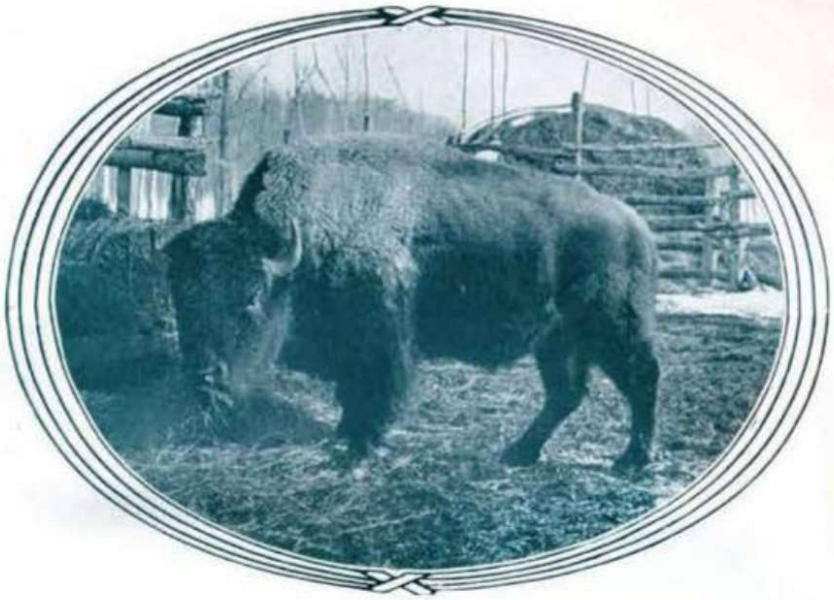
Vol IV DECEMBER 1923 No. III

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

"Merry Christmas!"



The Last Stampede

Born of stillness and of quiet, offspring of the brooding nighttime;
Can you hear a gentle murmur like the drone of homing bees
Stealing up across the prairie at the softness of the daybreak,
Waking, as a perfume wakens, memories from out the past,
Drawing near and ever nearer as the day grows bright and brighter
Till the hum becomes a freshet, piping briskly o'er the lea
With an undertone of moaning, of a broken woman moaning,
And the song of shuttles weaving in the looms of long ago,
Growing louder, ever louder, till the undertone is master;
Neither beat nor broken measure but the roll of distant drums
And the voice of life, of madness—throbbing life and frenzied madness,
Teeming life and red-eyed madness—bursting o'er the quiet plain,
Crowding in from grey horizon, spreading fanlike o'er the prairie,
Rushing sea of brown-hued billows all imbued with life and fire;
While the far-off, ceaseless drumming rises to the crash of thunder,
Beating out all thought and feeling—king of all this carnival—
And the herd in frenzy passes, snorting life and vap'rous fury,
Charging wildly, plunging forward in its mad, tumultuous race.
Life abundant, vast, o'erflowing; heaving, rushing, dashing onward,
Avalanche of pulsing splendour, onward to the great abyss;
And the thunder, rolling with them, spent, as with a long carousal,
Like an echo, fades to silence, leaving but a haunting dream.
Upturned earth and beaten grasses, epitaph of life's grand pageant;
Dust-clouds in the distance vanish: dust, the last of what has been.

—Robert Watson.

THE BEAVER

"A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS"

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VOL. IV DECEMBER 1923 No. 3

Greetings!

THE Fur Trade Commissioner extends Christmas greetings to the fur trade staff and his best wishes for the New Year.

Although many of the staff are far removed from civilization, the Commissioner knows from his own experience that this will in no way detract from their enjoyment of the festive season.

A. BRABANT
Fur Trade Commissioner.

Christmas will soon be with us again, the season of joy, happiness and good will, when for a few days we will be able to cast aside everyday routine and enter wholly into the spirit of family reunion and rejoice one with the other in both spiritual and material pleasures, each according to his bent.

Let us hope this Christmas will bring to all of us, within reason, a full realisation of our hopes and ambitions, and a fair measure of success and prosperity to all concerned in the welfare of the Company whom we strive to serve. We extend hearty Christmas greetings to all in the service of the Company.

H. F. HARMAN
Land Commissioner.

Having commenced operations with the Company on the 16th August, 1893, if I am spared until the twenty-fifth of next month, it will make the thirtieth Christmas I have seen during my tenure of service. It may perhaps interest some of *The Beaver* readers to know that this is my twenty-seventh Christmas since assuming charge of the Vancouver business.

Looking back over the past, I visualise the Christmas of 1893 with the Company's comparatively small store, which was the first unit of the

present building on Granville street, having groceries on one side of the main floor and dry goods on the other, and the insignificant offices under the stairs leading to the second floor, where a limited supply of women's wear, carpets and house furnishings, together with the dressmaking department, made up the entire Vancouver retail emporium.

We had no paved streets in Vancouver then; the sidewalks consisted of good old British Columbia fir.

We did not employ a fleet of delivery cars in those days; but one solitary waggon with one single horse undertook the extensive deliveries of our merchandise to customers.

There were no early-closing by-laws or provincial half-holiday acts in those days; the store opened at eight and closed at six, except on Saturdays, when the closing time was ten o'clock. Surely, in spite of the somewhat troublous and, in a measure, discouraging times through which we have been passing during the last year or two, we can, in comparing the past with the present development, feel that we have cause for thankfulness, and can also look forward to the future with optimism.

I am one of those individuals who have never lost faith in the possibilities of both the city of Vancouver and this fair province in which we live. I also believe that the future of our great Dominion cannot begin to be estimated by those of us living in these days.

As the oldest official of the Company's stores department, I should like to wish every member of the staff, not only in this portion of the Company's organisation, but also in the whole service, a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

HENRY T. LOCKYER
General Manager B.C. Stores.

I have been asked for a Christmas message; but to one located in sunny Alberta, where conditions during the past month more resemble summer than winter, Christmas seems a remote event. However, the calendar tells us that Christmas will soon be here, and no doubt we will shortly have snow and cold to emphasise the fact. I think this year folks will be inclined to enter more earnestly into Christmas festivities than has been the case for the past few years, and I sincerely wish that the coming Christmas may be a time of good will and cheer to all in the H.B.C. service.

P. J. PARKER
General Manager Alberta Stores.

Responding to the request for a Christmas message to the readers of *The Beaver*, do you think the address of the nearest permit office would be interesting, or do many of *The Beaver's* readers know it already?

Would the impressions of a new arrival in Canada be acceptable? Possibly so! Well, the main, outstanding difference between Canada and the Old Country is the shortage of bananas, though I am scarcely convinced that the shortage is sufficient to make such a song about. The second fundamental difference, and one which I hope will not prove to be a force tending towards the disintegration of the empire, is that foursomes here seem to have the same rights as a two-ball! The third great difference is the dryness of the air, but this is, I believe, over-estimated in the Old Country. In many interviews I myself have had recently, I think the air would be better described as hot than dry. Finally, I wish all readers of *The Beaver* a thoroughly enjoyable Christmas and a quick recovery afterwards.

W. H. COOKE
General Manager Manitoba and
Saskatchewan Stores.

Let us forget the depressing conditions we have all had to face these last three years and join those who predict much "closer to normal conditions" during 1924. I think we all are agreed we have touched bottom and that the "tide has turned."

The trying times we have passed through have given us an experience that is not without value. We have been taught the great wisdom expressed by Him who said "Keep thy house in order." By "keeping our house in order" we are prepared for the lean years that are inevitable.

With better times in sight, we must do our part by close application to our duties—by giving of our best to the interests of our Company. I am sure everyone will give one hundred per cent. of his energy during 1924 toward making the coming year a successful trading period.

The management and staff of Winnipeg depot-wholesale extend to all officials and staff of the Company Christmas greetings and best wishes for 1924.

C. W. VEYSEY
General Manager Wholesale Branches.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—*Thomas Tusser* (1515-1580).

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
—*Shakespeare* (1564-1616).

Holidays at Fort Garry

By R. G. MACBETH M.A., D.D., Vancouver, B.C.

THE word "holidays," in connection with the Christmas and New Year season, will be questioned by managers and clerks in stores, employees in the postal service and many others, for with them it is the busiest and most nerve-wracking time of the year. Nevertheless, even with them the season has its exhiliration. They are in the current of a great popular movement, and they have the joy of ministering to one of the most divine instincts of the human heart; namely, that which impels men and women to give unto others and to gladden many lives by tokens of remembrance. Everybody is at such a season under a necessity for quickened mental and physical action, and yet there is, along with that, a moral stimulus which somehow enables toilers to get through with enormous work and look back upon it with the satisfaction that attends the consciousness of duty well done.

I suppose that the word "holiday" in connection with this busy season originated in the fact that schools, the most universal institution in the community, were closed. At this season, hosts of children forsook their books for the time, and even staid grown-up people put aside some hours for social relaxation, even though others had to take those hours out of the time usually and properly allotted to sleep. In any case, the word has persisted down through the years and has become a fixed annual event in the imagination.

In the old days at Fort Garry, and the Red River Settlement round about it, life was not so strenuous as now, though it had its anxieties as to means of livelihood in a community shut away from the outer world and subject to fluctuations in supplies through failures in the buffalo hunt or the scanty acreages under primitive cultivation. But the people knew how to mark the great days in their calendar, and amongst these Christmas and New Year and the Queen's Birthday on May 24th were the most outstanding. Christmas was mainly observed by religious services in St. Boniface and St. John's cathedrals under the direction of the Catholic and Episcopalian churches. The midnight mass in the famous old cathedral at St. Boniface was a great attraction to many young people of other faiths. I have no recollection of witnessing any lack of reverence or hearing any irreverent words spoken of a ritual which many did not understand, but which was always impressive in the mystery and elaborateness of service and vestments that appealed to many minds as peculiarly appropriate in connection with the natal day of the Saviour.

The Selkirk settlers, who were the largest factor in those early days in population and general influence, were for the most part Highland Scots

Presbyterians. These laid special emphasis on the New Year anniversary. They celebrated by calling around on each other, and very often in the course of the day they held horse-races on the ice of the Red river. The dawn of the day was often made the occasion of extensive shotgun salutes by both whites and Indians, because that was about the only way they had of announcing their desire to honour the advent of the New Year. It corresponded to the royal salute of artillery on a smaller scale, but it made the welkin ring and awoke many echoes in the woods along the river banks.

The calling began at an early hour in the day, and the first callers were the Indians. They scented the odour of many stoves and chimneys busy in the preparation of many nourishing foods. Buffalo meat, moose nose, beaver tails, and marrow fat, with the accompaniment of huge plum-puddings, were in various processes of the culinary art. And these settlers on the Red river lived up to the best traditions of "Highland hospitality" on all occasions; nor did they draw any colour line.

"No bolts had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their houses were open as day and the hearts of the owners."

And so the Indians came early on New Year's Day with their shouts of "Happy Nulee," which represented their nearest vocal approach to "Happy New Year." Sometimes they executed a war-dance, which could always be terminated, when they became too noisy, by the offer of food. And so the Indians went from house to house feasting throughout the day with an utter disregard of what modern authorities call the rules of diet. But these hardy denizens of the woods and plains wound up at night in glorious mood and no disastrous results ever followed. However, it must be remembered that Indians on the trail walking and running all day in a zero climate were immune from some of the physical reactions which come upon people nowadays who hardly ever walk and who move in debilitating latitudes of social life.

Later in the day, the white people called at one another's houses. That is to say the men called around; but the women gallantly stood at their posts lest the reputation of the house for hospitality should suffer. There was much pleasant and social fellowship, and occasionally there was some liquid refreshments of a variety stronger than tea, but tea was the staple, and men who tarried too long at the wine were always incurring the danger of social ostracism. A man who passed the limits was generally made to realise the folly and rudeness of his lapse.

The evenings often had social gatherings, in which the Scotch reels and strathspeys had their place on the programme as well as the "Red river jig," which, strangely enough, no one could dance except the native-born, though many tried hard enough. Thus, tired but happy, these pioneers ended the New Year's Day celebration and were ready at day-light on the morrow for the hard work that always fell to their lot. Their lives were simple and sincere and their recreations innocent. And the real old-timers of the Red river never quite accepted the rushing modern

order of things, with the political conflicts and the consequent risk of bitterness which came into the country in later years. There are laws of progress that we must not overlook or dispute; but we can see the viewpoint of these old people. It was well expressed in the vernacular by a poet who lamented the "transfer" of the country to other powers than the old Hudson's Bay Company that had brought these early settlers to the Red river. It was William Gerrond, of High Bluff, up the Assiniboine, who said:

"Oh, for the days which some despise—
At least, I think so, me whatever—
Before the Transfer had made us wise
Or politics had made us clever."

It is only a small piece of bunting,
It is only an old coloured rag;
Yet freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

SINGING was one of the subjects taught at the school I attended, and, as patriotic songs were much in evidence, I picked up the above lines together with many others of a similar strain. The master, of course, was the villain all schoolboys have found the members of his profession to be. But he had great respect for the flag and an enthusiasm that aimed at transmitting that same patriotic feeling to his pupils. This, to my mind, was and is just as it should be. A child's first impressions and aids to the moulding of character are largely received at school, and it is highly important that teachers should first be patriotic themselves and that patriotism should be skilfully interwoven with the subjects taught. History and geography are very good subjects for such a purpose. Our neighbours in the great republic to the south of us are more enthusiastic in this respect than we are, and we could very well afford to imitate them without any risk of developing jingoism.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?"

The flag known as the Union Jack is composed of three crosses named after three saints. The cross of St. Andrew, for Scotland, is white on a

blue ground; that of St. Patrick, representing Ireland, is red on a white ground, and both are shaped like the familiar X of our alphabet; the cross of St. George is upright, with a cross-piece at right angles like the traditional Cross of Calvary, and is red on a white ground. If we place the cross of St. Patrick between that of St. Andrew and St. George the result will be the Union Jack in its present form.

Let us examine the legends, authentic and otherwise, of the men whose crosses make up our flag:

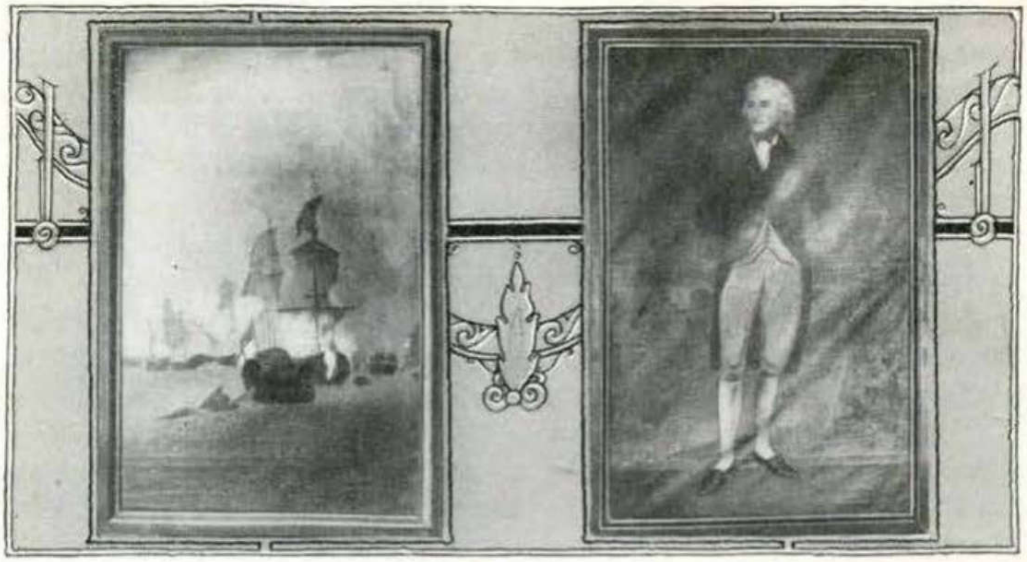
St. Andrew—He and his brother Peter were our Lord's first disciples. The Russians, before the days of bolshevism, revered him as the one who first brought them the Gospel. He is often spoken of by preachers as "Peter's compensating balance wheel" by reason of his nature being so different from that of his impulsive brother. Geographically, Scotland should have chosen St. Patrick for her patron saint, but few indeed will quarrel with her choice of St. Andrew, his missionary work entitling him to universal sainthood.

St. Patrick—There are many extraordinary stories told, especially in Ireland, about the superhuman qualities of Erin's patron saint. The writer will neither confirm nor deny them—he cannot. One thing, however, is not in doubt: the spiritual life of Ireland was greatly enriched by the ministry of this remarkable man. One tradition is that he explained the Trinity by holding up a shamrock, showing three leaves growing independently, yet each receiving nourishment from the same parent stem. This is quoted as an example of the simple, yet eloquent, way he broke the bread of life during his Irish ministry.

St. George—The patron saint of England is usually shown on horseback in the act of slaying a dragon. This is purely allegorical of the triumph of right over wrong. Gibbon says Saint George was martyred in the fourth century. A popular tradition is that he was a tribune under Diocletian and incurred the severe displeasure of the emperor by reason of his energetic protests against the treatment of the Christians, with the result he was imprisoned and afterwards beheaded. "Greater love hath no man than this."

The records of these men seem to indicate sacrifice and service, and it is fitting that their lives should be commemorated as they have been. The world to-day is seeking diligently and calling to the limit of its lung capacity for unselfish men and women; and as we look at the trinity of crosses in our flag it would seem as if the spirits of the saints they represent are beckoning us to deeds such as theirs; to share our joy with others; to do something that requires sacrifice in preference to something we can afford; in short to

"Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."



R. M. Ballantyne

H.B.C. Apprentice Clerk—Author—Artist

In the June issue of "The Beaver," Mr. Chris. Harding wrote a short article on R. M. Ballantyne, and referred to two large oil paintings hanging in the mess room at York Factory which are believed to be the work of Ballantyne. These two paintings are reproduced above from two rather poor photographs. If someone can throw any light on the origin of these pictures at York Factory, we will be interested in hearing from him. They appear to be copies in oils, and were probably done by the young apprentice-clerk for amusement and practice. Ballantyne was undoubtedly an artist of no mean order. The illustrations in his "Hudson Bay" were from sketches made by himself, and his water-colour pictures were exhibited for many years in the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. The following sketch of the author R. M. Ballantyne is compiled from the "Dictionary of National Biography."—Editor.

ROBERT Michael Ballantyne was born at Edinburgh on April 24th, 1825, and died in 1894. He is best known as a writer of boys' books. He was the second son of Alexander Ballantyne (a younger brother of James Ballantyne, the printer of Scott's works).

When a boy of sixteen, Robert Michael was apprenticed by his father as a clerk in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at a salary of twenty pounds. He went out to Rupert's Land in 1841 and spent six or seven years, for the most part, in trading with the Indians. He kept a rough diary of his doings, and on his return to Scotland in 1848 this was published by Blackwood as *Hudson Bay or Everyday Life in the Wilds of North America*. For the next seven years he occupied a post in the printing and publishing firm of Thomas Constable, of Edinburgh. In November, 1855, the Edinburgh publisher, William Nelson, suggested to Ballantyne that he should write a book for boys embodying some of his

experiences in the "great, lone land." This was rapidly composed and successfully issued in 1856 as *Snowflakes and Sunbeams* or *The Young Fur Traders*, the first part of the title being dropped in subsequent editions.

"From that day to this," wrote Ballantyne in 1893, "I have lived by making story-books for young folks."

In his second book, *Ungava*, a tale of Eskimo land (1857), he again drew upon the great northwest. In his third, *Coral Island* (1857), in describing what he had not seen, he made a humourous blunder in regard to the cocoanut, which he described as growing in the form familiar to the English market. Thenceforth he determined to obtain information from the fountain-head. Thus, in writing *The Life Boat* (1864) he went down to Ramsgate and made the acquaintance of Jarman, the coxswain of the lifeboat there; in preparing *The Lighthouse* (1865) he obtained permission from the Northern Lights Commission to visit the Bell Rock, and studied Stevenson's account of the building; to obtain local colour for *Fighting the Flames* (1867) he served with the London salvage corps as an amateur fireman; and *Deep Down* (1868) took him among the Cornish miners. He visited Norway, Canada, Algiers and Cape Colony for material respectively for *Erling the Bold, The Norsemen of the West, The Pirate City* and *Settlers and Savage*. He got Captain Shaw to read the proofs of *Fighting the Flames* and Sir Arthur Blackwood those of *Post Haste*.

In such stories as the above, to which may be added *The World of Ice* (1859), *The Dog Crusoe* (1860), *The Gorilla Hunters* (1862), *The Iron Horse* (1871), and *Black Ivory* (1873), Ballantyne continued the successes of Mayne Reid. But his success is more remarkable, in as much as, though his books are nearly always instructive and his youthful heroes embody all the virtues inculcated by Dr. Smiles, his tales remained generally popular among boys (despite the rivalry of Jules Verne, Henty and Kingston) for a period of nearly forty years, during which time Ballantyne produced a series of over eighty volumes.

He was a thoroughly religious man, an active supporter of the volunteer movement in the early days, and no mean draughtsman, exhibiting water-colours for many years at the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. From about 1880 he resided at Harrow, where he had many friends, but in October, 1893, he went to Rome for his health, and he died there on February 8th, 1894. He was buried in the English Presbyterian cemetery at Rome.

It is estimated that one million tourists visited Vancouver, British Columbia, in the course of the past summer season, remaining in the province an average of four days, and each spending an average of ten dollars a day. In round figures, 100,000 automobiles visited the province during the summer months.—*Bureau of Canadian Information.*

Christmas Forty Years Ago

By CHARLES H. M. GORDON, Fort Alexander

ON the day before Christmas and during the week, Indians with their families might be seen slowly wending their way to the Hudson's Bay post: the men hauling their toboggans, their worldly goods and papooses securely lashed thereon, the women and younger members walking behind or in many cases, especially after a heavy snowstorm, beating the path ahead. The storms of winter had no terrors for them and did not prevent them from coming long distances, for Indians are a sociable people and like to be together.

At this season, each one vied with his or her neighbour in the matter of apparel, coburgs and cashmeres of red, blue and purple being most in evidence. The superfine, nine-quarter tartan shawl, which had been stored "upstairs" and only brought down for sale in the store at this special time, was the cause of much heartburning later on, as purchasers kept them jealously guarded from each other's sight until New Year's Day. The big idea was for each to have something which the other did not possess.

On Christmas Eve, a special ration was issued to everyone at the post. Christmas being called *Muckoosakesikow* (feasting day), no one must go hungry. At posts where there was a regularly established mission, this day was spent quietly, everyone making a point of attending service. In the evening, the missionary, assisted by the manager, gave a treat to all the children under a certain age. Very often a Christmas tree was prepared, each child getting a useful present, tea, cakes and a small bag of candy. While this was going on, a quiet dance was held in one of the servant's houses.

This was the beginning of the Christmas holidays. The rest of the week was spent as they liked, hunting for their own table, replenishing their store of firewood, feasting and dancing.

At some posts an informal dance was got up on New Year's Eve, which was held in the manager's kitchen or in the carpenter's shop. This was kept up until twelve o'clock, on the stroke of which the church bell, if any, and the workmen's bell were rung. After this everybody retired.

On New Year's morning about dawn, we would be awakened by a clamour of voices heard outside our bedroom window; then the strains of a violin would be heard playing the "White Cockade," accompanied by the beating of a drum made from a tin trading-kettle, on one side of which was stretched dressed deerskin. At the end of the tune, one of the head servants wished the master and mistress a "Happy New Year," after which the crowd in attendance would fire a volley, and the fun would be

all the greater if the concussion broke a pane of glass. I have seen this performance enacted when a blinding snowstorm was raging, yet not one part was omitted, and I have often wondered how the fiddlers could continue playing without freezing their fingers.

Sharp on the stroke of ten, the engaged servants, their wives and children, along with any temporary labourers hired for the winter—all dressed in their Sunday best—came to greet the manager and family. This was *Oocheamekesikow* (kissing day) and, besides shaking hands, the ladies were supposed to be kissed. This had to be done to all or none. Refreshments in the shape of tea, coffee and cocoa, with different kinds of cakes, were handed round, whilst the children were regaled with candy.

This is the only time of the whole year in which the Indians were allowed the freedom of the manager's sitting-room, and at the hour of twelve they all trooped in, men first and the women and children following, shaking hands solemnly with a funereal expression on their faces which did not correspond with the occasion. But their tongues were soon loosened on the introduction of the eatables. It is wonderful the quantity of tea an Indian can make away with at a sitting.

As it was not expedient to keep so many in such small quarters, this part was gone through as quickly as possible. The chief, if present, or if not, one of the others, spoke a few words, thanking the representative of the Company for his good-will and expressing the hope that they would all meet again another year. After this they all marched out by the front door, solemnly shaking hands again as they departed.

But the event of the day was still to come off. Great preparations had been made for the dance: boards had been placed all around the kitchen for seats; wooden sconces were made for holding the tallow candles and fixed on the walls; the stoves were shifted to one side to give more room; but this being a cold season of the year, the stoves were kept going at full blast. The guests were not long in coming, many of them in the interval changing the dress they had worn during the day for one of coloured muslin, or light coloured print, enlivened with sashes of fancy broad ribbon. All wore silk-worked moccasins and their heads were enveloped in the tartan shawls peculiar to all the women at a Hudson's Bay post. It was with the greatest difficulty they could be persuaded to lay their shawls aside, even when dancing. The fiddler was perched on a higher seat than the others, and when tired was replaced by another.

Very often the dance was led off by the manager or one of his clerks, with the wife of one of the servants for partner. Here again there was a little heartburning among the ladies, as every one of them expected this honour, but only one could have it. This dance was usually a single jig, which was quickly followed by a double, some of the servants getting up to make the number. The favourite dances were the "Foursome," the "Eightsome," the "Duck Dance," "Rabbit Dance," "Drops of Brandy," and others which are now rarely to be seen.

Many of the Indian women are fairly good dancers in their own way, and although they stalk through the sets with extreme gravity yet apparently they are enjoying themselves thoroughly. The men, on the other hand, consider that their limbs are made for use and not for ornament, and each one vies with the other as to the number of intricate steps he can perform, to the delight of the onlookers, who urge them on with handclapping. The draft made by the dancers, and the warmth, often caused the tallow candles around the room to trickle, and it was amusing to watch the younger members, and perhaps some of the older ones too, enjoying the sight of a stream of tallow pouring onto the head or shoulders of some bedizened belle all unaware of the mirth thus created.

After midnight, all the tables in the establishment were placed side by side to make one large one. On this was spread a table-cloth of bleached grey cotton. Then a great dish of venison, beef, geese or stewed rabbits, flanked by a variety of cakes, bread and bears' grease, and last but not least a big plum pudding, were set on top. The manager sat at the head of the table and his clerk at the foot, the servants and families occupying the remaining seats. When the first table was served, others took their places until all were satisfied. At this stage, the manager generally left, but it depended often on how he felt. The festivities were put in charge of an engaged servant, who got special instructions regarding the fire and lights and was advised also to keep the crowd from getting too boisterous. The dance was kept up until the small hours of the morning, everyone leaving the dance-room in the best of humour, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Louis Billie
Siwash Indian

Minie
Sioux Indian

Kinniwakan
Sioux Chief

Little Hints on How to Write

By ROBERT WATSON

No. 2. On Making a Beginning

TO the young man or woman starting out on a career, it cannot be too strongly emphasised: have faith in yourself, in your ability to do what you have set out to do.

Many a writer, many an inventor, many a business man, many who might have been outstanding men and women in the country, have been lost through this lack of faith on the part of the individual. If we have a fondness for writing verse, for writing essays or stories, why should we damp down the fires of our enthusiasm by repeating to ourselves, "What is the use? I can never do it."

Even after many failures and rebuffs, we must refuse to give room to these thoughts in our minds, for if we begin by thinking failure we are capitulating before the fight. On the other hand, if we refuse to think anything but success we are planting our feet firmly on the road to success. As the poet has said, "Thoughts are living things." Often our thoughts have more force and effect upon ourselves and even upon others than spoken or written words.

Many famous writers have expressed themselves on the necessity for making an early and courageous start at what we are desirous of attaining.

Goethe: "Are you in earnest, seize this very minute;
What you can do, or think you can, begin it."

Sir Walter Scott: "He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all,"

Sir John Lubbock: "All succeed who deserve, though not perhaps as they hoped. An honourable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten unless he loses heart. Though he may not be able to attain there is no reason why he should not aspire."

Nearly every well-known writer has commenced with verse in his juvenile years. It is a wonderful exercise, and it is astonishing how proficient one becomes at it after a while. It teaches one how to express himself in few words and in neat fashion. It teaches the beauty of selection of words and phrases, and, above all, it teaches the balance and rhythm which are so necessary in all written material, whether poetry or prose. For it is a great mistake to think that all poetry is in rhyme. Some of the most beautiful poetry in the English language

is written neither in stanzas nor in rhyme, but in soft, wimpling, flowing prose. Much of Robert Louis Stevenson's prose is the sweetest of poetry; so also is Henry Van Dyke's.

To succeed in writing is generally hard work, heart-breaking work, and it is impossible to instruct anyone on how to write unless he has the knack of it born in him, despite the many lurid advertisements in magazines and newspapers to the contrary. All that can be done is for one to inform another how he progressed as he journeyed along.

To begin with, do not sop your conscience with the thought, "I haven't the time." Samuel Smiles once said, "Those who have the most to do and are willing to work will find the most time." Goethe wrote, "It is better to be engaged in the most insignificant occupation in the world rather than to look upon half an hour as being of no importance."

It must be borne in mind that according to statistics only one story in every hundred that is written ever sees the light of print. Here are some personal experiences in this connection from famous men of letters.

George Meredith: "All my poems were, until 1896 (his sixty-eighth year) published at my own expense. Really, it is so! No one has bought my works—my novels or my poems." To-day George Meredith is dead and his works are widely read.

Conan Doyle: "*Micah Clark* (his first book) went from house to house, and house after house would have none of it. During ten years of hard work, I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen."

Grant Allen: "I had ten years of hard struggle for bread, into the details of which I do not care to enter."

And so the tale is repeated right along the line; but despite this there is an inward urge and a craving to write that compels one to do it irrespective of what he ever gets in return for it.

Now here is some practical advice to the aspiring writer. Much of it is from the famous authors of other days and of the present time. Some of it is from the writer's personal experience.

Don't start in to tell a story unless you have a story to tell.

Do not waste your energies jumping from one unfinished piece of work to another. Complete what you start in to, even if you have to put it in the fire afterwards. Practice spelling diligently. There is more sound advice in the common school grammar on the subject of how to write than in any other book that can be named.

Before you can hope to develop a style of your own in writing, you must try every style you come across and fancy.

You may have difficulty at first in finding a word to fit your particular thought, but with diligent practice you will find that your difficulty will soon be in choosing the right word from the hundreds that will crowd themselves in front of your mind's eye signalling for the preference.

Remember, that unless you please your readers with what you write you can never go any distance with them.

Learn to express yourself naturally.

Draw from your own personal experiences as much as possible, for that is the true source of all inspiration, the basis of all true literature.

Byron says: "Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

He who would be truly great as a writer must have his heart in the right place. Unless he is capable of feeling, he can never transmit feeling into his work. If he would make those who read his work weep, he must weep as he writes. If he would have them laugh, he must laugh inwardly as he puts his thoughts on paper. It is only what he puts into his work that ever comes out of it again.

"There is nothing new under the sun," so the modern writer's duty is not so much to give something new as to find a new way of saying something old.

A reader likes to come across something in print which he himself has long felt but has been unable to find words to express.

Do not try to draw pictures of objects, for that is simply reporting; but try, rather, to depict your feelings about these objects—which is art.

Learn to stand the criticism of your fellow men. Destructive criticism would be better if it were never written. Constructive criticism, on the other hand, is invaluable. Balzac says that he who cannot stand the fire of criticism is no more fit to start on any career than a traveller is fit to undertake a journey if he is prepared only for fine weather.

(Article No. 3, "Some Common Errors in English," will appear in January issue.)

Catalogue of the Hudson's Bay Company's Historical Exhibit at Winnipeg

THIRD EDITION NOW IN CIRCULATION

Copies may be had on application to Editor *The Beaver*,
Hudson's Bay Co., 79 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Where the West Begins

By LESLIE G. GOLMAN, Calgary Retail Store

AN autumn dawn! Awakened by the crystal song of the rushing Highwood river, I turned in my sleeping bag and put my head out of the tent, breathing deeply of the sparkling air. Turning back I was about to wake my sleeping companions, but seeing how happy they were I decided to leave them in peace. I pulled on my Chippewas and slipped out of the tent. Gee, but it was good to be alive! The mist still lay thick in the valleys and veiled the Rockies—those stately sentinels of the West—and over all lay the quiet hush of early morning.

Leslie G. Golman

After splashing my face and hands with the ice-cold mountain water, I spied my fishing-rod and a box of grasshoppers caught the night before. Now for a surprise for the boys! Wandering a little way up the river, I found a place where the water flowed like liquid emerald between two granite rocks. Here I made my first cast, and just at that moment the sun shot up over the eastern hills, turning the mist to silver and my emerald pool into living gold. In a few minutes I landed my first trout—a gr-rand and glorious feeling! After landing two more, I made my way back to camp, to find the boys rubbing their hip-bones and yawning. When they saw the fish, however, the camp fire was soon ablaze and the catch sizzling in the frying pan.

We spent the day hiking and exploring, seeing at every turn a fresh vision of beauty in God's wonderful book of nature. About eight o'clock we got back into camp, lit our fire and, seated on some old spruce logs, enjoyed a good meal of pork and beans. Then, with our favourite briers filled with good old Imperial, we settled down to the usual camp-fire yarns.

Sundown in the foothills is hard to describe. I have mushed it in the far north at 40 degrees below, and slept at night under the uplifted ghost-like branches of an old pine with a fire sending its weird dancing shadows over the glistening snow trying to keep time with the mighty northern lights; I have watched the stars above me glittering like jewels in the heavens, while around me pressed the still night, broken only by

an occasional snore or sigh of satisfaction from my sleeping dogs or the howl of a wolf, and now and then the cannon-like crack of the frozen tamarack echoing through the bush; but even this is not to be compared with the beauties of the foothills.

As we sat around the glowing embers of our fire, we watched the sky change from clearest lemon yellow (against which the Rockies stood silhouetted as if carved from amethyst) to misty purple. The stars came out like tiny golden lamps, and over the brow of the neighbouring hills rose a full orange disc, the harvest moon, against which a clump of firs etched themselves in clear relief. Thus ended one of the happiest days of my life in God's country, out where the West begins.

Introducing Other Merchandise

It is so natural a thing to suggest other merchandise if one is interested in his work. In introducing other merchandise make the customer feel that you are speaking of certain articles from the standpoint of personal interest. A casual remark could be—"You will no doubt be interested in looking over our stock of——."

Shoes remind one of hose. The sale of a child's dress gives shoes, hose, underwear and a half dozen other things for introduction. Women's neckwear sales are opportunities for veiling suggestions. The men's section is rich in introduction material. The average man doesn't burden his mind with a shopping list. He buys one or two items, such as he feels he needs. If the salesman is of a suggestive spirit, he will call a customer's mind to other articles, and almost invariably other merchandise is sold and the customer feels thankful for the reminder.

One doesn't need to be over-ambitious in his suggestions. Present anything you wish, only it is a *good idea* to make up your mind as to what you will suggest for a particular day, then concentrate on it. At times, when waiting for change, it is an opportune time to show something new, or lead into a conversation on the "beautiful new fall wraps"—the "exquisite odours in perfume," or a folder for the saving of kodak pictures.

Be natural about it. Take it for granted, when you speak of allied or other merchandise, that the customer is going to look at what you suggest. If your attitude is one of expectancy, the customer will almost invariably look, even if she does not purchase.

In closing a sale never say, "That's all?" or "Nothing else?" That plants a negative suggestion in the mind of a customer.

Never consider introduction as a waste of time. It is bread cast upon the waters and after many days will return to you. A positive suggestion implanted in the customer's mind will act as a reminder to return to you for the very article you suggested.

The hall-mark of good salesmanship lies in a tactful suggestion.

—*The Bullock Way.*

H.B.C. Inland Transport

No. 3, Voyage in a York Boat

By A. A. McDONALD

WE sailed away with our first-class passengers in the stern sheets, which was the only available space not occupied by the crew. There were two boats, and each boat had thirty bales of furs, the whole winter and spring catch of a territory as large as Manitoba was before Northern Manitoba was added.

The passengers were the clerk in charge of the post, his wife, an archdeacon and a bishop of the Church of England. The last two are still living and no doubt will remember the incidents of this trip. They were both good sportsmen and good travellers.

After starting, the archdeacon enquired about reading matter. The clerk had only one book, "Charles O'Malley," and remarked that he was afraid the archdeacon would not appreciate such a racy yarn. Asked if he liked it, the archdeacon remarked, "I am ashamed to say I do," and forthwith read it again.

We sailed away in beautiful June weather and ran down the first rapid, which offered no obstruction, being deep and smooth. We sailed on probably twenty miles of lake and river before pulling ashore at the head of a large rapid to have our mid-day meal and to carry the furs, etc., over the portage which was possibly one hundred yards in length. Fur bales were always unloaded and carried over portages, as the waves of the rapids splash into the boat and wet cargo even when well covered, while on some occasions the boat hits or touches a rock and a hole may be knocked in the boat and water rush in.

While dinner was cooking and some of the crew were unloading the boat, the clerk got out his hook and line and went to the foot of the rapid. As fast as he threw in the hook, either a jack-fish or a pickerel would be caught. He soon had enough fish for the crew of eighteen men and the passengers. Fresh fish and fresh meat were always a welcome addition to the bill of fare. The *grub bon* on this occasion, with the high dignitaries of the church present, was the best possible, and it was noticed that they "dug in" well. To provide meat, ducks and fish, the guide and another man had a birch-bark canoe along and used to paddle away hunting whenever the boat was not sailing. At the approach of night-time, a nice, level, sheltered place was selected for a camp, when tents, valises and grub-boxes were carried ashore. The men who were told off to attend to passengers put up the tents. These men also attended to the table and washed dishes. They usually were paid ten skins (approxi-

mately $5.00) extra and also received a share of the better grub from the passengers whom they were attending.

The trip was uneventful until the afternoon of the third day out, when, sailing quietly on Burnt Wood lake and rounding a long island, a huge bear was seen swimming between the island and the shore. The steersman shifted his helm and the boat was headed in the direction of the bear. The guide was away with the rifles in the canoe, and the only weapon we had was the archdeacon's shotgun with only one loaded shell. When close up to the bear, he fired his shell. This bear, not being of the white species, did not dive, but, enraged by the shot and not badly hurt, he made directly for the boat and had started to climb in before we had time to realize what he was about. When on the balance between the inside of the boat and the water, one of the crew caught him by both ears and held him. The bear was hanging on and could not let go his hold to strike at the man and in the meantime the steersman, a powerful man, secured the large four-and-a-half pound axe we always carried, swung it over his head and crushed in the bear's skull. The animal dropped back in the water and sank. A bear killed instantaneously will sink like a stone, although most other animals, such as moose and deer, will float. The crew got busy however with long poles and hooks and salvaged him. It was nearly camping time, so we pulled ashore. The bear was a large, tough, old monster, with a very grey muzzle; nevertheless, after breakfast next morning, nothing was left of him except his hide, which was out of season and not of any value.

The trip continued for six days more, until headquarters was reached. The cargo of furs having been discharged, the men paid in the trading store, and the merchandise for next winter's supply loaded up, a feast and a dance were then given the men, which gave them an opportunity to meet new ladies, and from such meetings marriages very frequently resulted. At times the men became engaged and would return in a canoe for their bride after reaching home with their loaded boat.

This trip, from the time the boat left the home post till its return, occupied twenty-four days, with twenty days actual travel. The weather and winds dictate whether such a trip will be enjoyable or otherwise. Rainy weather and head winds make it unpleasant, but when there is a party aboard, reading, card-playing or chess help to pass the time when tenting with a big open fire. The crew sleep a lot, eat enormously and play poker.

There are three kinds of workers even among those who have been instructed in the art of doing things: (1) Those who have to be told what to do and then watched while they do it; (2) those who have to be told what to do but do not need watching while they do it; and (3) those who can see what ought to be done and do it without waiting to be told or needing to be watched.—*Success*.

"Barrow" at Stanley Park

By GEORGE J. ASHWORTH, Vancouver

AMONG the many friends of "Barrow," the polar bear who resides in Stanley Park, there is one in particular whom he greatly favours. This friend came many years ago from the county of Cumberland, in the north of England, and both coming from the north, although Barrow hails from somewhat nearer the pole, they have many subjects in common.

Take the subject of wrestling. There is little doubt that the Cumberland style of this sport was originally copied from the bear. Although denied the delights of a friendly wrestle, Barrow and his friend keep their muscles in good trim and show that they still retain the fine old sporting spirit of their ancestors by compromising in a sort of tug-of-war. The north countryman puts a stout walking stick through the bars. Barrow takes hold of his end, and each of them braces his feet against the stone coping. Then the fun begins.

"G-r-r-u-u-m-m-p," says Barrow, as he pulls and hauls with the keenest enjoyment, just as much as to say, "I'll get you, you old son-of-a-gun."

"Yo heave," says the north countryman. "You old rascal, come out of your cage."

"G-r-o-w-l," chuckles Barrow, as much as to say, "You're easy, you poor prune."

"Pull, you fat old Eskimo; get down to business," says the north countryman.

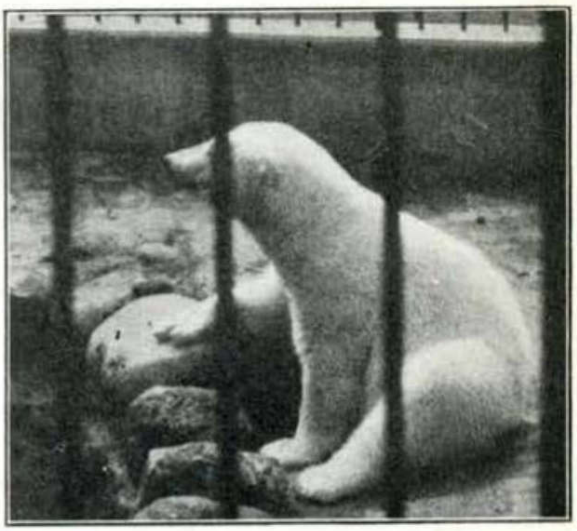
Just about this time, when the pleasure is at its height, Barrow generally slips a cog and falls over backwards, to the huge delight of the youthful onlookers. Picking himself up with astonishment, he comes back ready for another pull. On one occasion, not long ago, it was the north countryman who took a tumble. That made Barrow immensely proud of himself.

"Hand me that stick, old dear," pleaded his friend. But Barrow was in no hurry to give up the spoils of victory. Finally, having carefully investigated it, and marked it so that he would be sure to know it again, he handed it over.

After the friendly bout is over, Barrow's pal next rattles a paper bag in his coat pocket. Barrow instantly sits up and takes notice. He cocks his head on one side, with his tongue hanging out, puts up his paws just like a dog begging, and winks the other eye with a look of owlish wisdom which plainly says: "Shell out. I know you have something up your sleeve." The north countryman looks at the sky, and the trees, in fact everywhere but in the right place, at the same time rattling the

bag in an absent-minded manner. "W-o-o-o," says Barrow, sticking his tongue out still farther.

"Oh; you're still there, old snowball?" remarks his apparently astonished pal, who proceeds to take out of the bag with tantalizing slowness several crusts of dry bread, which he commences to toss to Barrow one at a time.



Barrow

After the tid-bits are gone, his friend says, "Hurry up now; get busy with that can."

Barrow hunts around for a while for a badly crushed, bright, tomato can; but he knows all the time where it is. After due consideration, he brings it to the bars and puts it out. The north countryman tosses it over the top into the centre of the pool. Barrow looks at it while it is sinking as if he didn't care, but by the time it has about reached the bottom he becomes interested and dives after it. He brings it up, plays with it for a little while, and brings it to his friend again. And so the game goes on.

For an hour at a time, those two devoted friends hold converse. There is really a deep affection between them. The north countryman, looking backward to the days of his boyhood, remembers with what enjoyment he wandered over the hills and dales of dear old Cumberland and feels sincere sympathy for the poor young bear debarred from all natural opportunities of having the good time which kind providence intended for him. He feels that anything he can do to please him and cause him for a space to forget his troubles is all too little. Such little deeds of kindness bring their own reward, as kindliness and sympathy always do.

It is touching to see the unaffected gladness with which Barrow greets his friend. Many others give him food, and unfortunately many tease him, but he will leave them all to greet his steadfast comrade as soon as he comes in sight, for he knows he is different from the others.

Growing old before his time, far from his proper environment, the little playful attentions of this pal help to keep him young. As far as he knows, he himself is the only polar bear in the world, and at times he is overcome with a great loneliness.

Many Vancouverites are looking forward to the time when Barrow will have a companion. This has been promised by the Company, and, no doubt ere long, Stanley Park zoo will boast of two polar bears. Then the sympathy which goes out day by day to Barrow, who must feel lonesome, will be bestowed in some other direction.

The Falkland Islands Battle

(December 8th, 1914)

By R. G. F.

DECEMBER 8th is the ninth anniversary of the battle of the Falkland Islands, the one and only naval victory of the war fought out in the good old Trafalgar way of gun versus gun. None of the modern adjuncts to naval warfare, such as torpedoes, smoke screens and flying machines was used, and the non-employment of these makes the battle stand out as unique in the naval history of the Great War.

One of the outstanding features of the battle, indeed the one factor that made victory possible, was the fact that two of the largest battle cruisers in the world were sent by the admiralty all the way from Plymouth to the Falkland Islands, a distance of over 7000 miles, to take part in the fight that was expected, and although these cruisers stopped to fuel at four places on the way, the German secret service were without knowledge that they had left England.

When it is understood that these two battle cruisers had a displacement of 26,000 tons each and were equipped with twelve-inch guns and could steam 31 knots, it will be seen what a masterpiece of strategy it was to send them out to these waters where the German flagship displaced only 12,000 tons, had 8.1-inch guns and could steam only 25 knots.

By a piece of that good fortune which makes the annals of war so interesting, the German squadron arrived at the Falkland Islands—after having sunk *H.M.S. Monmouth* and *Good Hope* on the west coast of South America on November 1st—on the very morning after the British fleet, re-inforced by these two battle cruisers, had arrived.

The German fleet was sighted at 8 a.m., and it was discovered afterwards that landing parties of marines had been told off and were in readiness to go ashore and capture the islands, on which was situated a powerful wireless station. Port Stanley, the capital, would have been a fine coaling station for their marauding cruisers, and the damage to British prestige in these parts would have been incalculable.

The guard ship *H.M.S. Canopus*, which was sunk on the mud in the harbour to make a better gun platform, fired on the Germans and placed her first shot between the two leading cruisers; these two cruisers, with the three light cruisers and several captured merchantmen, then made off to the eastwards at full speed after they had sighted the tripod masts of our battle cruisers, which showed them plainly that we had ships far superior to their own.

The British fleet, which was busily engaged in fueling, cast off their colliers and started raising steam. The signal for general chase was hoisted and all the ships started out at their fullest possible speed to overtake the enemy. The first out of harbour was *H.M.S. Carnarvon*, wearing the flag of the admiral second-in-command.

The chase was long and arduous, as all the ships with the exception of the two battle cruisers were roughly of the same speed and the enemy had a twenty-mile start. The stokers worked like demons amid the clanging machinery and red-hot furnaces, and the sailors on deck could only look for the hundredth time to their guns to see that everything was in "apple-pie" order.

At high noon the enemy were just within range of the twelve-inch guns of the battle cruisers, but the admiral, following the Napoleonic dictum, held his fire for half an hour while all the ships' companies sat down placidly to enjoy as large a dinner as they could conveniently carry.

The battle began soon after noon and continued without intermission until 7.02 p.m., when the *Gneisnau* went down with colours flying, riddled like a sieve with shot and shell. For a little over six hours the fight had continued between the two battle cruisers and the *Carnarvon* with the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisnau* on the one hand, and the British and German light cruisers on the other; all with but a single thought—to sink the enemy. Early in the fight the German flagship *Scharnhorst* seemed to be in a bad way and so badly damaged that there was no chance of her escaping, but the captain of the *Gneisnau*, undeterred by the signal of his admiral to steam away at top speed, gallantly stood by him, thus throwing away his only chance of escape. At the end, the German ships were hit so many times by our guns that they were sunk by gunfire only, a state of things that has never happened since, the cause of the sinking of the many ships that went down after that being due to their being torpedoed or their magazines blowing up. The British ships, although hit a few times, had very few casualties.

As soon as the last German ship, the *Gneisnau*, was seen to be sinking, the cease-fire bugle rang out and all the available boats were sent off to rescue the struggling Germans. It is pleasant to think that over two hundred men were saved from drowning by their late antagonists.

Of the five German ships engaged, only one light cruiser, the *Dresden*, managed to find safety in flight, and a month afterwards she was caught like a rat in a water barrel and sunk.

An amusing incident was told of one of the British ships in which an eight-inch shell burst in the canteen. It was found after the battle that, although the shell had done little harm, it had caused every cigarette in the place, to the tune of many thousands, to disappear.

The advantages gained by this naval victory were very great as, apart from the enormous moral effect it had over the whole of South America, it extirpated altogether the danger of commerce destroyers, and cleared the Atlantic ocean from Greenland to the south pole of enemy craft.

Books and Bookselling

A Seasonable Review of the Peculiarities of This Fascinating Business

By GEORGE SEWELL, Manager Book Department Vancouver Store

THE business of bookselling is of very ancient date, and we read that the early poets and orators recited their effusions in public in order to induce their hearers to purchase written copies. The trade seems to have been established in the twelfth century, and Germany, the birthplace of printing, was the first bookselling country.

The modern bookselling trade divides itself into the several branches of publishing and wholesale bookselling, and the retail trade into the new and second-hand store; there are also antiquarian booksellers who buy and sell rare and costly editions of works. The issue of "limited" or "*de luxe*" editions is another branch of the business, and these are generally subscribed for in advance of publication; in some cases each copy of such an issue is numbered and at times autographed by the author.

There is very little publishing carried on outside of the large cities, the principal of which are London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Oxford, Manchester, Liverpool, Cambridge, Dublin, and a few other places. On this continent the principal publishing cities are New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and in Canada Toronto holds pride of place. As an indication of the immensity of the business, there are published in England every year about 7500 new books inclusive of new editions, and the books published by the English houses and at present in print and available for sale require a catalogue of two large volumes, measuring together sixteen inches in height, and a separate volume as an index which is two and a half inches in thickness. The equivalent catalogue for American books makes a similar bulk.

To the uninitiated, the trade is in many ways a very exacting one and is almost as speculative as any game of chance; this is especially true of the buying of new fiction. This situation is revealed by a glance through a New York wholesale bookseller's catalogue, in which the large total of 392 new works of fiction were announced for issue during the fall of 1923, each one of which is glowingly described so as to appear as the book of the year. And it is a safe prediction that amongst the clientele of our Vancouver store not more than twenty-five of these titles would have a sale of any worth-while quantity. We, of course, have to merchandise our book stock and must entirely eliminate sentiment in buying, as otherwise we should speedily become hopelessly overstocked.

I recollect a Toronto publisher reading a few poems from a galley proof of a new volume of verse he was issuing. These poems were the work of

an eminent B.C. gentleman, and it was pointed out that this city was the logical place for its sale. The publishing gentleman suggested I should start out with one hundred copies. We however compromised at five copies. Recently a gentleman from the east was coming to this city to lecture and the Toronto publisher of a book of his acquainted me of this fact, with a suggestion we order a stock and thereby be prepared for the large demand there was certain to be created by his visit. We however had already come into possession of one copy of this book amongst a set of travellers' samples we had bought from their salesman and so decided to let it go at that. The day following the lecture, we had an enquiry for the book, but that was by the author himself, who did not want to buy but merely to find out if we had his book on sale. On these facts, book-selling certainly looks a risky business.

It was my privilege to learn my trade in London, and I well remember with what amazement I regarded the capacity for mental impressions of the average wholesale bookseller's assistant. Each morning a copy of every new book received into stock the previous day was placed on a table, and there would often be quite a formidable number. Each assistant came along to this table, lifted each book in turn, made a mental note of the title, author, publisher, size, binding, price, etc., and was then supposed to be able to say "yes" or "no" when the book was enquired for. There were, of course, record books to help the flagging memory, but such was the efficiency of their training that, except for the older works, recourse to the indexes was seldom needed.

There are crazes in the book trade, as no doubt in many other trades, so we have to cater for the average person. At times there will be an active demand for a certain book or books on such subjects as the supernatural, autobiography, occultism, spiritualism, new thought, etc., and one has to jump in at the right time and nip out again before the demand abates to be able to cash in on the temporary wave of enthusiasm. This was particularly evidenced during the war, and out here in the west we are at a disadvantage as compared with the eastern trade, who have the warehouses at their command via the telephone.

Some amusing bulls are perpetrated both by the customer and the salesclerk. A few occur to me just at the moment: There was the clerk who asked if we had *The Rubium of Obal Couble*. This was fortunately pronounced in proper rhythm and was rightly interpreted as *The Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam*. A lady asked for *The Heart of a Priest*, correctly translated as *The Soul of a Bishop*. *Now Summer Comes* for *If Winter Comes*; *The Straight Way* for *The Straight Deal*; *Bird Eyes* for *Sharp Eyes and Winter Neighbours*; *Stafford Owen Stamp Album* for *Stanley Gibbon Stamp Album* (This purchaser got very indignant because we didn't have what he considered the best known stamp album in stock, and asked what kind of book department we were running). *Drifts of Firewood* was the humorous name given to Mrs. MacKay's *Fires of*

Driftwood.

Fifty Years with the H.B.C.

By LOUIS LAROCQUE, Athabasca District

I WAS born October 28th, 1851, at Fort Good Hope, MacKenzie River district, where my father was in the service of the Company. In 1854, my father was transferred to the Swan River district, where he served five years. In 1861, about one hundred families decided to move from the district around Winnipeg and settle in the country around Lake la Biche, Alberta. My father and a number of relatives were concerned in this venture. In the spring, a large concourse set out across the prairies on a twelve-hundred-mile journey. Household effects which would be required in the new homes, cattle, pigs and chickens were taken, and the long string of wagons and Red River carts crowded with women and children made an imposing sight. Our family consisted of my father, mother, one sister older than myself, one sister younger and three younger brothers. We possessed six Red River carts all drawn by oxen, one of which I drove on the journey, which lasted three months. Reaching Lac la Biche, my father built a house and took up land. He worked by the day for the Company at the neighbouring post getting out logs, making rails and doing any other work that was required. At first I worked with him, but later was employed by the Company independently.

At the age of nineteen, I was asked to take regular employment with the Company at Fort Edmonton, which offer I accepted, signing a contract for three years' service, for which I was to receive one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum together with my board.

Fort Edmonton was under the charge of Chief Factor Richard Hardisty at that time.

Our working hours were from six a.m. until six p.m. for six days per week, often with Sunday duties thrown in. At five a.m. a bell would ring to awaken the servants and again at six o'clock to summon them to work. Meal hours were announced in the same manner, and later in the day its sound would indicate that the labours of the day were ended.

I cut logs, worked on the river, graded roads, performed tasks on the Company's farm, looked after the horses and cattle, baled fur and drove

dogs.

Louis Larocque

One of my duties was to carry the mail to Fort Victoria, seventy-five miles east of Edmonton. In January, 1872, I made a trip which is still fresh in my memory. On that occasion the mail was put up on Saturday, though it was close to midnight before it was ready for dispatch. As Mr. Hardisty, following the old custom, had as little work as possible performed on Sundays and had an objection to servants leaving the fort on Company's business on that day, he requested me to leave with the packet a few minutes before midnight Saturday. It was a clear, moonlight night, with a temperature of 50 degrees below zero, when I started with a light sleigh and three dogs. I was wearing a moleskin suit and carried a blanket, kettle, pemmican, with a little tea and sugar. The trail was in poor condition, and when I arrived at Sturgeon river, opposite Fort Saskatchewan, I was bathed in perspiration and much in need of rest. Stopping, I was in a few moments completely chilled. To improve my condition, I cut down a small poplar tree and proceeded to make a fire. I carried three small packages of matches, but found them thoroughly dampened with the moisture from my body. With difficulty, in my numbed condition, I attempted to obtain a light. I struck match after match, and when I finally succeeded in getting one to blaze I had only six left. But food and hot tea revived me, and I started on the trail again. Nearing Vermilion river, I met Jack Norris and Jules Lamorrie, two acquaintances, breakfasting by the trail. They requested me to join them, which I did, telling them that instead of Louis Larocque finding them, if I had not previously succeeded in making a fire, they would have found Louis Larocque, and he would not have required breakfast either. I reached Fort Victoria at eight o'clock on Sunday evening. John Bunn, the factor in charge, said he would go over the mail that night and get his outgoing correspondence ready for return to Edmonton by daylight the following morning. I left the fort at eight o'clock on Monday morning for the return trip and, after taking two meals on the trail, reached Fort Edmonton at nine p.m. on the same day. Of course, I was anxious to use all possible speed in delivering the Company's mail, but I had another and more personal reason for haste. My sister-in-law was being married at St. Albert on Monday, and a dance, to which all and sundry had been invited, was to be held at Edmonton the same evening. As soon as I had changed my travelling attire for more suitable raiment and had eaten, I rushed off to the festivities, danced all night and did not quit until Tuesday at noon.

In 1872, Mr. Hardisty was taken ill, and it was necessary that a doctor be obtained without delay. I was then at Buffalo lake, and instructions were sent that I proceed to Calgary, where the doctor was at the time, and bring him to Edmonton. I set out with two teams of dogs, driving one team myself while Francis Whitefoot, of Tail Creek, near Red Deer, drove the other.

At Quill lake we came upon a number of straggling buffaloes and a few hunters rounding them up, and were told that an immense herd was

travelling southwards a few miles in front of us. We were not making fast progress, as the trail was bad, and shortly afterwards, when we caught up to the main body of buffalo, we were held up continually and could only go forward as the animals would occasionally separate to right and left of us affording a clear passage for a short distance. I had seen buffaloes before, but never had expected to see such numbers as were now all around us. As far as we could see in every direction, they were slowly forging ahead, eating up everything before them. When we camped, the dogs chased and killed calves. We stopped one night at Twenty-Mile Coulee shortly before reaching Calgary. A hunter there had a cabin piled to the roof with hides, and all night long buffaloes rubbed against the shack in which we slept so that at times we thought they would trample right over us.

Here I might mention that, while the buffalo were seen that year in numbers hitherto undreamt of, the following year very few were seen.

At Calgary we found the doctor was visiting some miles west; so Whitefoot went there and brought him back to town. I then drove him back to Fort Edmonton in my *cariole*, arriving in time for his skill to save the life of Mr. Hardisty.

For three years in the early seventies, I worked in the summer on the steamer *Nor'-West* running on the Saskatchewan river. Once, while I was assisting to pole off a sandbar, I was knocked into the river by one of the deck hands. It was in the month of July, but the water was icy cold. I got to the opposite shore in safety, but had to wait six hours to get off and, being without matches for a fire, had to dry out in a state of nature.

During the latter part of 1874, a detachment of the Royal North-West Mounted Police commanded by Inspector Jarvis took up quarters at Fort Edmonton and remained until the spring of '75. The sergeant-major accompanying them became famous afterwards as Major-General Sir Sam Steele. At that time I was with John Sinclair, who was trading at Buffalo lake. There we were visited by Inspector Jarvis, who wished to become acquainted with the district and its inhabitants. He brought with him a team of four dogs which he had purchased from Jack Norris. Though they were strong animals, they were far from speedy, but the inspector thought them second to none. He stayed with us a week, and when he decided to return Mr. Sinclair agreed to go back with him to Edmonton. Mr. Sinclair drove a team of the Company's dogs, which were very speedy. I broke trail with the inspector, who was a large, heavy man and well burdened with clothing and blankets. Mr. Sinclair pressed hard on our heels all day, his dogs anxious to get ahead of us. After supper, I took advantage of the superior strength of the policeman's dogs and, when hidden by a bend in the trail and out of sight of Mr.

Sinclair, pressed my dogs to gain a little more lead. Then, when far enough ahead, I let them out. Mr. Sinclair at last found that we were trying to beat him into the fort, and, after vainly shouting for me to wait

for him, let his dogs have their head; but to no purpose, for by that time we had too great a lead. Before we reached the fort, we stopped and waited for him to overtake us. When he did so, he rated me soundly in the Cree tongue for my disobedience to orders and for pushing the inspector's dogs in so unseemly a manner. However, the policeman failed to understand the reason for the argument, but was highly elated at having, as he supposed, a faster team than the Company's officer possessed. The next morning, from the police supplies and by way of a reward, he presented me with five pounds of tea, ten pounds of sugar, fifteen pounds of dried apples, ten pounds of rice and twenty pounds of bacon. This was a present of considerable value in those days, and worth at the prevailing prices about forty dollars.

Just after the Canadian Pacific railroad reached Calgary, the commissioner, Mr. Graham, came to Edmonton by the river route. Returning east, he went by way of Calgary. Mr. Hardisty accompanied him to that point, taking me with him to look after the camping arrangements and animals. We had with us a team of small but very active mules, which were generally used around the flour mill.

One morning they were determined not to be caught. Mr. Hardisty attempted the job, but failed. Mr. Graham then decided to show him how it should be done, and failed even more grievously. Mr. Hardisty said that, after all, it was Louis Larocque's job, and handed me the lariat which he had been using. I took it, walked around the mules until I was in front of them, gave the rope a very ornamental twirl and, behold, it dropped neatly over both heads, fastening them securely together. I did not tell the astounded party I had never before lassoed two animals at one throw and certainly never expected to again.

For some years I accompanied Chief Factor Hardisty on his trips of inspection, acting as his personal servant. Between us there was a great friendship, apart from the respect in which I held him as my superior officer. I accompanied him on his last trip, which lasted from the beginning of May to the end of October. During that time, we visited practically all posts from Edmonton to St. John, along the Peace river, Chipewyan to Fort MacPherson, Fort Rae, then across Saskatchewan to Prince Albert. From there we went south to the Canadian Pacific railway, where I was to assist in transporting about two hundred head of cattle to Edmonton *via* Calgary. Mr. Hardisty went east, and at Broadview met with the accident which resulted, nine days later, in his death in Winnipeg.

During my fifty years' service with the Company, I have witnessed many changes. I have met many of the men who have controlled its

destinies, and have accompanied many of them on long trips. Though such journeys were more arduous than the modern methods of travel, they created memories, in the main, infinitely pleasant; memories which are recalled by visits I receive from friends of the old days who often drop in to talk over old times and old ways.

Indian Ice-Cream

(A Delectable Christmas Dish)

Described by C. H. FRENCH, B.C. District

AGAIN it is Christmas, and how differently this joyous festive season is celebrated in different parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's great domain! In a vast majority of sections where the Company operates, the changes that have taken place are marked; so much so, indeed, we can hardly believe them possible.

Not only have changes taken place in the Company's affairs, but also in the affairs of the native population—that is the part of the native population most closely in communication with the ever-increasing white population. Those in close touch with whites have adopted the white man's form of festivity, so that it is now an exception to find a band of native Indians retaining their old customs and traditions.

These changes did not come in a day, but were gradual, and it is clear in my memory the form in which they came; in fact, it seems only a few days ago when rice and treacle were handed out as a special treat on Christmas and New Year.

Then came the time when quite a pretentious spread of good things was arranged. There would be special baking of bread and cakes; a pail of highly-coloured sugar sticks would be dissolved in a large wash-tub, giving the mixture the required colour and sweetness, leaving only *painkiller* to be added to produce the "kick." The "kick" was most apparent after the dancing started and the crowded small rooms got well warmed up.

At this time the native ice-cream was always in evidence. It differed in many ways from the white man's, particularly because it was eaten in the winter rather than during the warm summer time. In Central British Columbia it was made by working to a lather the dried soap berry, and this, when well made, had a very tempting appearance. One could soon get used to its bitter taste and become quite fond of it.

Among the northern Eskimo, it was made by a dozen or more native women sitting in a circle chewing small pieces of whale or seal blubber until it became a froth of the consistency of cream, when it was dexterously

flipped with the hand from the mouth to a big receptacle in the centre of the circle. Finally the dish would be almost full. After a few dried berries were added, it would look tempting enough for a king, but to be compelled to eat it would, of course, be an entirely different matter.

Many of the changes have been brought about by the opening up of new transportation routes. I have in mind a post that I was stationed

at where Christmas luxuries were barred on account of difficult and costly transportation. One fall a most strenuous effort resulted in our receiving one box of fresh apples. They were valuable enough to be kept in the store safe, but that receptacle was too cold, and we were compelled to put them in a root house built in a side-hill outside. The one who benefited most was our boy of three years. Every morning I would place secretly an apple in a snowdrift within, say, one hundred yards of the house, then put the youngster's snowshoes on and send him out to see if Santa Claus had not made his usual visit and dropped an apple for him. At times the only thing we could see would be his snowshoes kicking around where his head should have been. His mother would plough through the snow up to her waist and eventually he would be rescued, apple and all.

To-day this is all changed through cheap transportation. Apples, oranges, candies, nuts, etc., are available, and are purchased from the post not only at Christmas time, but almost every day throughout the year.

Just a Thought

By F. S. GARNER, Associate Editor, Vancouver

There is something "*in the feel of the air,*" as Whitcomb Riley said, which gets hold of us as Christmas time approaches. This is quite independent of latitude and longitude. Some of us are living in zero weather, others in milder zones, but the atmosphere of our physical location does not produce or affect the warmth which we feel in our hearts.

This warmth awakens in all of us that which tends to kindliness, goodwill and helpfulness, and we all spontaneously become imbued with the idea of rendering service.

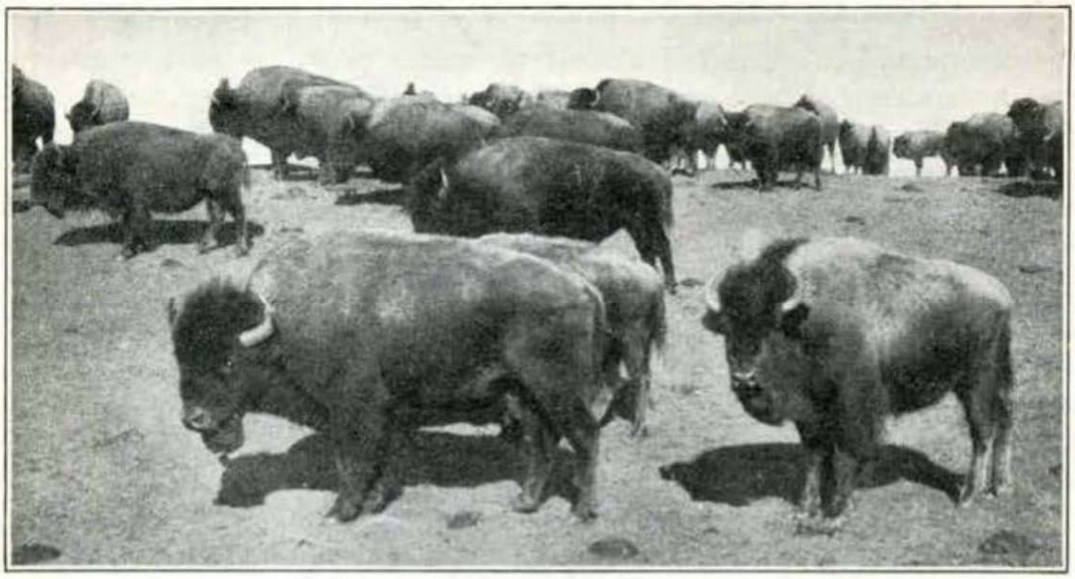
One cannot but realize how much better and happier the world would be if the Christmas spirit were a perennial and constant thing in human society.

During the year that is closing, there has been much bitterness and quarrellings between nations, large and small. But it is good to know that the world's greatest leaders are today realizing that the only way to

brotherhood and peace is to get back to the teachings of the Child that was born in Bethlehem. When all the countries discover this way, we shall be nearer the time

"When swords shall be beaten into plowshares,
And spears into pruning hooks."

In this hope we wish each other *a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.*



Buffaloes at the Wainwright National Reserve

The Buffalo Stampede at the Wainwright Reserve

Cree Indians Take Part in Realistic Hunt

By JACK PREST, Associate Editor, Edmonton

(Copyright)

SCENES of bygone days, before the coming of the white man, were lived again when 150 Cree Indians from the Hobbema Indian reserve (Alberta) took part in a real buffalo stampede. The Dominion government decided to kill off two thousand surplus bulls from the herd of 10,000 roaming the seventy-five by seventy-five mile park at Wainwright, Alberta. This huge undertaking will take all winter, the meat being placed in cold storage and sold when suitable markets are found. This will also apply to the hides and heads, which are worth considerable money to-day.

At first sight the killing of two thousand head seems a pity, but lack of pasture makes it a positive necessity. The grass on the range on which this vast herd roams at will has been eaten down to such an extent that the animals will have to be fed on hay all winter, and, unless other means are found by fencing off other reserves to accommodate the surplus stock, this process will necessarily have to take place yearly.

The Thomas Ince Moving Picture Corporation, of Culver City, California, who are producing "The Last Frontier," desired a scene depicting a buffalo stampede, and were quick to take advantage of the opportunity

of filming just such a picture as could only be produced at the Wainwright reserve. Negotiations were opened with the Dominion government and permission was granted them to go ahead. In return for the privilege, the Thomas Ince Company agreed to take a series of moving pictures for the Dominion government for educational and publicity purposes. At a heavy cost, they made plans to produce moving pictures both for the Dominion government and for their own production, "The Last Frontier." The latter vividly portrays the early days of settlement in the West. The Indian department at Ottawa also granted the moving picture company permission to engage 150 Cree Indians from the Hobbema reserve, under the supervision of Jack Prest, of the Hudson's Bay Co., and a guard of three Royal Canadian Mounted Police for complete jurisdiction of the buffalo park during the filming of the pictures, and with A. E. Smith, park superintendent, as supreme authority. With such adequate provisions made, the Thomas Ince Company moved their headquarters to the little town of Wainwright and work was started in the middle of October. Those in charge of the production were Arthur Maclennan (manager), John E. Ince and Breezy R. Eason (directors), and Mac. Wright (assistant director). Twenty-five expert cowboys were engaged from the surrounding territory, and these, together with the regular riders of the reserve, were sent out to gather the scattered herds to a given location between certain surrounding hills, and to hold them there for further orders. The following day the Indians arrived in a special train with horses and camp equipment and were taken across from Hardisty, a distance of thirty miles, to the location picked for their camp. As fast as the wagons arrived, horses were tethered and tepees were erected in an amazingly short time, and blazing camp fires were soon roaring, giving a most realistic representation of days before settlement.

Early next morning the camp was astir. Slowly the sun rose on the eastern horizon and a perfect day was assured the anxious directors of the film company—an ideal day for photography. Orders were given about 8.30 for the Indians to be all mounted and in war paint. Intense eagerness on the part of the Indians was evident, especially among a few of the old warriors who, armed with only the bow and arrow, had taken

part in many a buffalo hunt in times long ago. Old Rattlesnake, aged 68, begged to be allowed to ride in the hunt, and, although he was told that it meant a ride of possibly twenty-five to thirty miles bareback except for a blanket and surcingle, he insisted on taking his place with the younger men. On the way to the location, the mounted band of Indians presented a sight never to be forgotten. They rode in irregular formation with their eagle-feather war bonnets blowing in the breeze, faces painted, and gorgeously bedecked with beadwork, bells and other finery dear to the heart of the red men. A glorious setting of rolling prairie and wooded bluffs, now golden brown and red with autumn sun from horizon to horizon, added to the realism of the scene. Suddenly a jack rabbit bounded away from our path, and yells rent the air as a party of Indians

dashed off in pursuit, fitting arrows to their bows as they rode. Incredible as it may seem, Chief Sampson brought down the rabbit with his first arrow, although riding at breakneck pace. Truly the prowess of the Indian as a hunter is not legendary!

The location where the stampede was to be filmed was shaped like a V, formed by two hills, the narrow point being about fifty yards in width and the wide part opening out to about a mile at the top of the gully. In the centre of the narrow exit heavy logs had been driven down, securely braced and then thickly covered with earth and brushwood, forming a stout barricade camouflaged to resemble a heavily wooded bluff. In the centre of this a platform was erected on which to mount a camera for close-ups of the stampeding herd as they split left and right at this obstruction. Other cameras were cleverly hidden on surrounding hilltops for taking views at different angles of the herd as it came into view. Rifle pits were also dug deep down in the earth and covered with heavy planking and earth at each side of the narrow aperture through which the buffalo would pass. Permission had previously been given by the Dominion government to shoot a few of the buffalo with heavy-powered rifles, in order to give colour to the picture and make it appear on the screen as if they had been brought down by the Indians with their bows and arrows as in days of yore. Experienced hunters were designated to these pits with orders to shoot to kill—and right well did they do so. Death, in most cases, was almost instantaneous.

The stage being all set for the big drive, the Indians were divided into two bands, one to work on the right flank of the herd, the other on the left. They were taken out several miles between wooded bluffs until they had reached a given point. Here they were to wait until the buffalo had been started through the defile by the cowboys. Smoke signals were then sent up from a high hilltop to notify the cowboys to get the herd on the move. Directors and camera men now spoke to one another with bated breath, so tense was the strain, for all depended on this great scene. If the stampeding buffalo should turn out to right or left and break through the Indians riding along the outer flanks, the picture

would be ruined and thousands of dollars would have been expended in vain, for the undertaking of rounding up the herd of 10,000 again and holding them was far too vast to repeat. Another smoke signal was seen curling upward away to the north. This was from the cowboys, announcing that the herd was on the move. A few more minutes at most and the Indians would come tearing around hills at each side, driving and crowding the buffalo into the wide end of the funnel formed by converging bluffs. The suspense was now almost at the breaking point. The success depended entirely upon the skill and horsemanship of the untried Indians in keeping the vast herd headed southward.

At last the stillness was pierced by faint shrill cries of Indians away in the distance. Yes, they were coming! Louder and louder, nearer and nearer! Suddenly, about a mile away, a black seething mass of

fully five thousand shaggy monarchs of the plains came over a low bluff in wild tumultuous stampede, with their ancient enemies, the redskins, flying on wiry ponies at their flanks. The pounding of thousands of hoofs now resembled distant thunder, and as they came nearer and nearer the very earth shook. On reaching the camouflaged bluff where the cameras were concealed, the herd split in order to avoid the obstruction. It was here that the riflemen in the pits got in their deadly work. On came the buffalo in a solid mass, churning the earth to powder and raising clouds of dust which blotted out the sunlight. But at last every straggler had passed and the stampede was over. Camera-men climbed down from their posts of vantage. The Indians were then assembled, and not one single accident was reported, although many escapes were narrowly averted when fierce old bulls attempted to charge their horses. Had any one of them been thrown in the path of the stampeding herd, there would not have remained a hair of his scalp to tell the tale. Yes, the Indians did their work well, even Old Rattlesnake being right in at the finish and still game.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police Guard with Jack Prest, Supervisor of Indian Camp.

After grub was served a few more pictures were taken of the redskins riding over hilltops, silhouetted against the sky line, dashing down the steep sides of bluffs, and other picturesque scenes which will be fitted into the final picture. Then orders were given to return to camp.

The sun was low in the west when the cavalcade finally moved off. And what a picture! If one could only have visualized the thoughts of

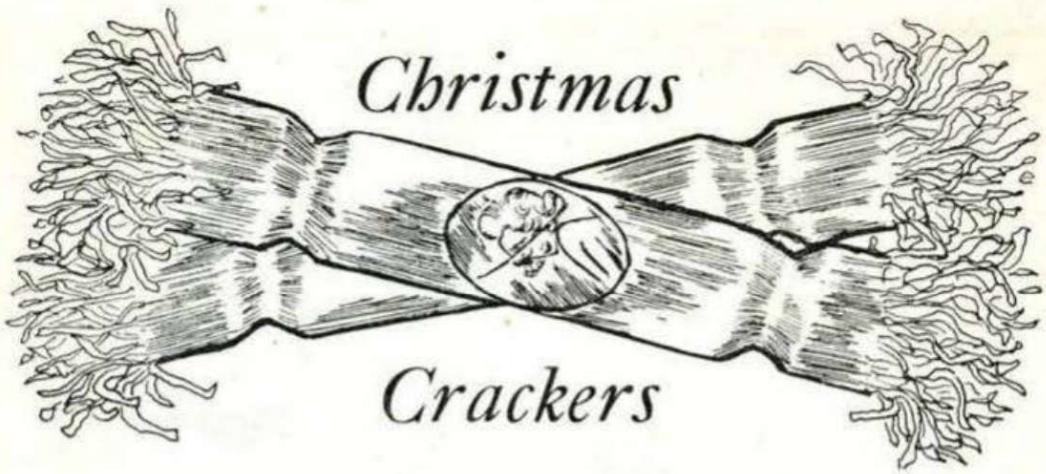
each individual Indian and white man! The whole setting was complete—the glorious sunset, the autumn foliage, the solitude of this vast primeval domain. Truly, the romance of the West is not dead: it lives at Wainwright for future generations.

A Prize Problem for Clever Calculators

A prize of two dollars will be awarded to the one who first sends in the correctly worked-out solution to the following problem:

Mary and Ann together total 44 years. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann.

How old is Ann?



CONTROL YOUR EYES

"Awful accident in the train today."

"What was it?"

"A woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

DOUBLE MISFORTUNE

Two gentlemen of Hebrew extraction were shipwrecked and for two days floated about on a life raft.

Near the end of the second day one of them cried, "Ikey, I see a sail."

"Vat good does that do us?" replied Ikey. "Ve ain't got no catalogue."

TENNYSON AND THE GAS BILL

In a Western town, the attorney for a gas company was making a popular address.

A HEARING

"Judge, your honour," said the prisoner, "I'm deaf."

"That's all right," answered the judge. "You'll get your hearing in the morning."

AN INVESTMENT

Mike—This is a great country, Pat.

Pat—And how's that?

Mike—Shure, th' paper sez yez can buy a foive-dollar money order for three cents.

BUILT TO ORDER

"What's the matter with Smith? Got lumbago or spinal curvature or something?"

"No; he has to walk that way to fit some shirts his wife made for him."

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the poet, 'Honour the Light Brigade!' "

Whereupon a shrill voice came from the rear: "Oh, the wild charge they made!"

DODGING THE ISSUE

Mrs. Overwate had a deadly gleam in her eyes as she entered the butcher's and said in a withering voice:

"Mr. Eichboan, how do you account for the fact that there was a piece of rubber tire in the sausage I bought here yesterday?"

"Ah, my dear madam," responded the butcher, rising to the occasion, "that just serves as an illustration of how the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere nowadays."

HIS FISTIC PROPHECY

"Ah shuah pity you," said a coloured pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bohn with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other; "and ah reckon you's goin' to die de same way."

A QUESTION OF DISPLAY

Porter—Where's you' trunks, sah?

Salesman—I use no trunks.

Porter—But I thought you wuz one of these travelling salesmen.

Salesman—I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains.

Porter—Excuse me, boss, but you's the furst travellin' fella that's been here who ain't carrying no sample.

Ten Things We Would Like to Know

—Why the ladies of the H.B.C. are afraid to put their thoughts on paper.
—Where all our humorists are.
—How many good, clear, winter-pastime photographs could be in the editorial office in time for publication in January or February number.
—The "tallest" yarn in the fur trade.
—If there are any Canadian legends that have not yet seen the light of print.
—Of a gallant deed in the service in recent times.
—About life in Canada, as it appeals to our women folk.
—If there are many in the service who can write four lines of funny verse.
—Something interesting about the particular work in which you are engaged.
—What happens to all the promises you make to the associate editor at your branch or in your district.

News from Stores, Posts and Branches

Vancouver

GENERAL MANAGER H. T. LOCKYER'S MONTHLY MESSAGE TO VANCOUVER STAFF

No. 14. The Elimination of Bad Habits (Hands in Pockets)

Obviously, my remarks this month are being addressed to the male members of the staff.

To my mind, there is absolutely nothing which indicates a listless, "don't-care" attitude on the part of a man more than the unbusinesslike habit of putting his hands in his trousers pockets.

Sometimes, when I go through the store, I wish that men's garments of to-day were fashioned along the lines of those of the opposite sex, namely, with no pockets, as apparently we have some men *who simply cannot keep their hands out of their pockets.*

Within the last day or two, I have seen one of our managers on duty with his hands in his pockets, and a day or two ago I noted, in two different departments, within the space of a few minutes, two salesmen waiting on customers, one with both hands in his trousers pockets and the other with one hand only, apparently using the remaining hand to show merchandise.

It is readily admitted that there is nothing wrong and nothing criminal in the habit; my whole criticism is that it is unbusinesslike, and therefore has no place in a business organization.

Every time you find yourself putting your hands in your pockets, try to visualise the impression you are creating on other people, and you will find the habit soon disappearing; and, let me say, with credit to yourself and with credit also to the business of which you are a part.

CHRISTMAS SYMBOLS

Christmas trees are of old origin. An old man walking 'cross country on a winter night marvelled at the beauty of the stars shining brightly overhead. Wishing to symbolize this sight for his children, he cut down a fir tree which seemed to him as dark as a winter sky, and trimmed it with lighted tapers to represent the stars. The following Christmas he repeated the idea, and so we have had Christmas trees ever since.

Holly, because it was the most festive of all growing things at the time of the great Roman feast of Saturnalia, was chosen by them to decorate their halls. They also sent sprigs of holly as messages of greeting, and from the Romans other countries have adopted the custom.

Candles have always been associated with the celebration of happy festivals. An old legend says that Christmas comes on the twenty-fifth of December because that is the first day that we begin to see daylight lengthen, and candles symbolize the hope and cheer that the sun's light promises.

—

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS BUSINESS

The toy department has been moved

decided that there would be a bowling club this winter. In preparation a notice was posted and a goodly number of names thereon enrolled. The evening of October 1st, a meeting was held and the club formed. Mr. Laing, of the freight shipping department, was elected president. Arrangements having previously been made with the Imperial bowling alleys, it was decided to hold the first turnout the following Wednesday.

With Wednesday, October 3rd, came a scene of activity to the bowling alleys. Thirty-seven members of the Hudson's Bay employees association trundled that afternoon. It was an easy matter to distinguish the old hands from the novices, for one has only to watch the ball in order to pass judgment on a player's skill. Balls from the experienced bowlers' hands glided smoothly, almost noiselessly, down the alley ways, while those of the beginners fell with a bump and in most cases rolled into the "ditch" at the side. Many, however, got onto the game very quickly, and in imitation of the older hands were soon "knocking 'em dead." In many cases luck had a great deal to do with the scoring.

The following Wednesday was some-

to its Christmas quarters on the sixth floor. The children's book section is occupying the space made vacant by the demolition of the bungalow on the sixth floor. The Christmas handkerchief section has been enlarged, and the store is in holiday attire. The stocks are large and splendidly assorted; prices defy competition. The management has done its part; it's now up to the selling staff. The usual pre-Christmas message is sent to all:

Be courteous to customers.

Be energetic.

Encourage customers to carry small parcels.

Remember that introductions increase sales.

Write names and and addresses plainly.

Try to please.

—

BOWLING

There being a number of good bowlers in the store and many who were desirous of learning the game, the sports committee what a repetition of the first, although an effort was made to divide the crowd into teams. Thirty-three members placed their names on the alley man's list, and a good practice was held. The novices are beginning to show improvement.

Wednesday, October 27th, there were four or five teams. Captains who have been appointed are Messrs. Timmins, Anderson, McLuckie and Leany. It is hoped soon to have the teams in working order and re-arranged to equal strength, so that keen competition will ensue; then we will form our league and follow a regular schedule for the season.

—

SPORTS

Indoor Baseball

The indoor baseball men have played two games and, although they have yet to register their first win, the brand of ball displayed shows that they are not playing out of their class. The indoor pastime is new to most of them. Their first game

went an extra inning before decision, and the next game was lost 7 to 11. The men are confident, however, that the end of the season will find Hudson's Bay among the leaders of the league. Boys, we share your confidence! Go get 'em!

Bowling

Our bowling club has entered a team in the commercial league. Messrs. Almas, Hearns, Hood, Hamm, McLuckie, Anderson, Galbraith and Fourchalk defend the H.B.E.A. Mr. Almas captains the team. Several of the men have already shown good scores, and a successful season is looked forward to. Last Wednesday night our team won two games out of three, but, owing to difference in handicaps, was obliged to take the low end of the score with one out of three games. By next week the handicaps will have been adjusted, then watch the score board for H.B. wins.

Swimming

Very little can be said about the swimming club, except that every Friday night the waters of Chalmers' tank are crowded to capacity. Fun? Lots of it! But, say!

Have you any suggestions for the betterment of H.B.E.A. sports? If you have, turn them over to any of the committee, or to

E. WILLIAMS
Chairman of the Sports Committee

—

GENERAL NOTES

Vancouver Associate Editors of *The Beaver* send greetings to the entire staff of the H.B.C. and couple with it best wishes that health, wealth and prosperity may be the lot of everyone during the coming year.

Vancouver's editorial staff welcomes R. Watson as editor of *The Beaver*, and wishes to assure him of its hearty co-operation in helping to build up the Company's organ to a high plane of helpfulness and efficiency.

During the October Hoover campaign, Vancouver store sold 81 Hoovers and many sets of fittings. This is the biggest month's business enjoyed since we sold this household necessity.

were you ever hit on the head by a polo ball? I'll say it hurts! But that doesn't stop the fun.

Basketball

Although no teams have been formed, about twenty people played basket-ball last Friday night. There were pick-up teams, and everyone had his or her time at the game. Ted Purdy, an experienced player, acted as coach and referee. We should be able to form a store league with at least three teams; it rests with the association members.

Boxing

In the near future we are going to request the association for two sets of boxing gloves. Mr. Hearns, manager of the sporting goods section, understands the manly art, and gladly offers his services as coach. Several have already stated that they will avail themselves of this opportunity. Boxing should prove one of our most interesting pastimes.

Baseball, bowling, basket-ball, swimming and boxing! If you are not in some line of sport this winter, it's your own fault! However, let's be fair to all.

B. J. Rose, assistant buyer in the staple department, son of Jas. Rose, of Beach avenue, was married to Miss Jean Nutt on the 7th of November. Mr. Rose was the recipient of a handsome cut-glass water set and a three-piece Moorcroft set from his many friends in the store. Mr. Rose was overseas with the 72nd battalion and has been employed at the Bay for nearly ten years. On their return, the newly-wedded couple will make their home in the sunshine district of North Vancouver.

J. Chadwick Brooks, secretary to the London board of the Hudson's Bay Company, with headquarters in London, England, was a visitor to this store last month.

A MATTER OF WORDS

She was distinctly a foreigner. She asked for talcum powder.

"Menen's?" asked the clerk.

"No, vimmen's."

"Want it scented?"

"No, I better take it with me."

Victoria

DO YOU READ OUR ADVERTISEMENTS?

How many times has a customer come up to you and asked about merchandise which she said was advertised the previous evening? Sometimes customers are rather doubtful as to whether it was misses' or children's apparel in the advertisement; other times they may even have confused our "ads" with those of another store.

At any rate, if you have carefully scrutinised our page the evening before, you will know exactly what we have advertised and will be able to direct the customer properly, which means a satisfied person and a sale half made in the department she's headed for.

It works both ways; for many times an irate customer, hot and tired, will come storming up to your department and say, "At last, after wandering about the whole store, I find these slippers at 94 cents." It then takes twice as long to please her with the merchandise she's interested in as it would if she had been directed in

ENCOURAGE TOURISTS TO BUY CANADIAN MERCHANDISE

Practical suggestions for the betterment of business are constantly being sent in by thoughtful members of our staff. Among those recently received by the management is the following:

"In order that the selling staff may be able to deal more intelligently with American tourists when they visit the store, I wish to make the following suggestions:

"1. That we have throughout the store small printed or typed framed notices on which would be shown extract from the American customs act dealing with the $100.00 privilege which tourists may exercise in taking free goods into the U.S.A. Tourists are often not aware of this privilege, and if these notices, as suggested, were distributed around the store it would help to increase sales to the tourists.

"2. Another suggestion on the same lines would be that we have similar printed notices showing the comparative tariff (Canadian and U.S.A.) on certain lines of merchandise imported from Eng-

the first place by a sales clerk who was familiar with the "ads."

—

HOW TO HANDLE GROUCHY PEOPLE

Listen! Don't talk. Pay attention to the complaint. Let the customer tell the whole story to the last word. Let her find fault, then begin gently to put some pleasant ideas into her to take the place of the dissatisfaction. Appreciate her troubles. Talk to her from her own point of view. This will surprise her. She has come at you as an enemy, when, presto, you are transformed into a sympathetic friend.

At once she begins to regret her bad temper. She makes some stumbling apologies. You have won her over. Your work now, is to take her in hand. Show her the facts from your point of view.

When you can do this without a slip, you are pretty far along the road that leads to success. And don't forget, it is no small matter to handle a customer with a grouch.

Self-control is a blessing and assures success.

land. If, for instance, the Canadian duty on an article was 20 per cent. and the U.S.A. duty 40 per cent. the comparison would demonstrate to the visitor the desirability of buying the article in Canada."

It has been decided to adopt the above suggestion in our Victoria store. Hudson's Bay stores at other points may possibly like to follow, as the idea is not copyrighted.

—

GROCERY DEPARTMENT ENTERTAINS

A most enjoyable evening was held on Monday, October 22nd, when the grocery department held their first social dance of the season in the K. of C. hall. Nearly 200 guests danced to the strains of Ozard's orchestra, all the latest musical hits being rendered during the evening. At eleven o'clock a buffet supper was served, after which dancing continued until one a.m., the home waltz coming much too soon for all those present.

The committee responsible for the success of the evening include Mrs. Stedman, the Misses Heaslip, Knowles and Welsh and Messrs. Dunn, Ellis, O'Neill and Ware.

HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE AT MR. SPRATT'S HOME

On the evening of October 31st, Mr. Spratt's home was the scene of a delightful Hallowe'en party, at which quite a number of our staff were guests.

Mr. Stewart was hardly to be recognized masquerading as "Dinty Moore," while Mr. Hibberd and Mr. Bond were equally successful as "Hoo Wung" and "Hi Chang" respectively. Mr. Spratt himself looked more brigandish than nature made him, while Mr. Davidson, as a monk, looked far more devout than he really is. Mr. Wilkinson, as a darkie, was not so black as he was painted and Mr. Soares was not so bony as he looked. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Woollard appeared decidedly clownish with their pantaloons and painted faces. Miss Grimason looked fascinating as a lady from a Turkish harem and Miss McLaren made an admirable red Indian with war paint and

H.B.C. EMPLOYEES' ANNUAL BALL

The annual ball held in the Alexandra ballroom on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27th, was so successful that the association's exchequer was enriched by quite a nice little amount. Dancing commenced at nine o'clock to the strains of Ozard's six-piece orchestra and was continued until one o'clock. Great credit is due to the committee for the splendid way in which the arrangements were carried out.

—

FOOTBALL NOTES

We are away with the football games now. The games played up to this date number three—won one and lost two. Our forwards do not seem as if they can get their shooting boots working, as the two games lost were only by one goal to nothing; but still the season is early and we hope to have a better record to show by the next issue of *The Beaver*.

—

MANAGING SECRETARY VISITS

feathers. Mr. Hibberd, junior, was so well disguised as a lady that he was twice asked to name the happy day.

Among others present were: Mesdames Stewart, Davidson, Woollard, Hibberd, Soares, Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Groves, Captain and Mrs. Mosher, Sergeant and Mrs. E. J. Read and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rimes.

During the evening, Mr. Groves (the Hoover man) delighted the gathering with several selections, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Groves. Thanks, Mr. Spratt, we all had a delightful time. When's the next?

—

WHY THEY WERE SORE

The other morning three (or was it four?) members of the grocery department each appeared with his right hand in bandages. It seems the night before the same four went motoring and, having occasion to pay an extended call at a friend's house, left the car out in the cold without a blanket. When about to return, they naturally experienced great difficulty in getting the much blamed car to start. They all made several attempts with the crank and it was not until the wee sma' hours that they finally reached home with right hands sore and bleeding. So now you have the explanation of the bandaged hands.

VICTORIA STORE

Major J. Chadwick Brooks, managing secretary of the London Board, was a recent visitor to Victoria, where he stayed for two or three days. During his visit he took the opportunity of inspecting the store and, accompanied by A. J. Watson, the store manager, visited several places of interest around our wonderful city.

—

After numerous enquiries the other morning for the tea expert, it was announced that a mysterious blend was being prepared in the tea room. No wonder Bob was all smiles.

Kamloops

SOCIAL EVENING

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the members of the staff and their wives at the home of J. E. Andrews on Tuesday, October 30th, games of many kinds being indulged in to the delight of all present. Perhaps the most interesting event was that of identifying photographs of the staff. Songs were sung by some of the staff, "Kamloops Stories" by Howard Macnab being worthy of special mention. All agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews made capital host and hostess.

We are glad to welcome Miss Barr back after her short illness.

Kamloops seems to have quite a reputation these days—two carnivals, and both queens married. We wonder whether this would have been the fate of Mary also?

Our sympathy goes out to Miss Jean Dougans in the sad bereavement sustained by the death of her brother, an overseas navy veteran.

Business appears to be picking up. We don't seem to have many dull days. With department managers' sale and Christmas close at hand, we hope to beat all records.

A Hebrew came home and found his wife with little Ikey in her arms, singing him to sleep with a lullaby like this:

W. Simpson, shoe department manager, has returned from a buying trip to Kamloops, where he met the shoe managers of the other B.C. stores, to make selections from samples. Mr. Simpson reports being treated royally by the Kamloops management.

L. H. Benjamin and M. J. Moulder, of Winnipeg, spent a few days with us.

W. S. King attended the conference of B.C. store managers held at Vancouver some time ago.

Edmonton

Miss Jean McLeod, of the traffic de-

"By-low baby, by-low baby." The Jew, on hearing this, was all smiles and proudly said to his wife, "Dat vas right. You teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."

A father was reading to his son about the life of a great general, and, when he came to the passage, "He was always calmest on the point of attack," it was more than the son could stand, and he said, "Hold, father, that is enough. How could any man be calm on the point of a tack."

Nelson

On October 2nd, in St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Vancouver, Miss Veronia Philbert, late of the office staff, was united in marriage to Walter Crowther, of Calgary. Before leaving the store, Miss Philbert was presented with a handsome satin eiderdown.

Miss Marian Reid, of Vancouver, has replaced Miss Philbert in the office.

G. A. Bladworth, accountant, spent a week on a hunting trip at Kootenay Flats. He brought back a bag of over 100 ducks.

E. H. McNab, accountant at the Kamloops branch, spent a few days in Nelson this fall.

partment, has left for Los Angeles, where she will rejoin her parents.

Many changes have taken place during the last few weeks on the executive staff. Mr. Beckett has taken charge of the home furnishings, furniture, china, hardware and music departments, coming to the store from Montreal. Mr. Graham assumes the responsibility of the ladies' ready-to-wear, furs, whitewear and infants' wear sections. Mr. Ballard takes charge of the fancy goods and art needlework sections. Mr. Sexsmith takes over the drugs, toilet goods, stationery, candy and tobacco departments.

Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's clothing and furnishings sections, is still away on sick leave, but is progressing favourably.

Mr. Hussel, of the Hoover department, reports that the recent campaign was a decided success, having gone "over the top" of the figures set them to reach.

We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers to the store: Messrs. Kenny, Brown and Dickinson, and Misses Meechan, Cossins, Gallaway, Dunn, Hoge and Bodard.

Miss Buckles has been transferred from the ribbons to the fancy dry goods department, Miss Ritson from the stockroom to the office, Miss Whitton from the office to the cashiers, Miss Marshall from

the aisle to the toy department, Mr. Ballard from the stockroom to the men's shoe department.

Miss Nellie Nicholson, of the advertising department, carried off the second prize at a recent masquerade dance. She wore the costume of a bell-hop.

Lethbridge

While the warm sunshine of the past month is not conducive to the selling of winter merchandise, our harvest sale went "over the top" with a bang. Plans were made well in advance and special

J. E. Thompson spent a few days in Calgary buying footwear for spring.

Miss Reeves, also A. Scott, spent Thanksgiving in Calgary, while others enjoyed the warm sunshine, picnicking, golfing and motoring.

W. Thompson and R. Nicholls went duck shooting. No ducks were gathered in and Mr. Thompson lost his gun. What connection can this have with the recent government control measure?

Saskatoon

HARVEST SALE

Every department manager surpassed

merchandise was procured for the event. Special prizes were offered to the selling staff, who were certainly on their toes from the zero hour until the close of the sale. Prizes were won by Misses Holtman, Reeves, Peterson and Mr. Cape.

Miss Daisy Holmes, who was formerly a member of the sales staff for a number of years, has returned to the fold. We are pleased to welcome her to the notions department.

Sunny Southern Alberta is certainly upholding its world-wide reputation of running a close second to California. The month of November has been a perfect summer month and, according to all the old-timers, such glorious weather has not been experienced since 1884.

We regret losing Miss Ellen Peterson, who has for the past two years associated herself with the ladies' ready-to-wear department. Miss Peterson leaves to be married in the near future, and we wish her happiness. She was presented with a linen table cloth and napkins to match by her associates.

When it comes to basketball, our girls' sextette has made its debut into the city girls' basketball league, and made a splendid showing against the C.P.R. girls in a closely contested game, coming out on top with the score 8 to 7. The team was chosen from the following: E. Weir M. Hardy, E. Bryans, V. Lowe, D. Trelwing, A. Alexander, M. Walton and R. Campbell.

his quota for the harvest sale staged by the Saskatoon store November 1st to 10th. It was a great success, despite the fact that the weather was very unseasonable. The quota in each instance was high. Only through the most careful planning, strict attention to every detail, untiring efforts and a spirit of close co-operation were the excellent results achieved. The first Saturday of the sale saw the biggest crowd of buyers that the store has seen since the day on which the Saskatoon store was opened by the Hudson's Bay Company.

—

TOYTOWN OPENING

Saturday, November 17th, was a big day in the lives of Saskatoon children, for on that day Santa Claus made his appearance in the Hudson's Bay store. From 9 a.m. until 9.30 he demonstrated the mechanical toys in the big toy window. From 9.30 until 11 a.m. he distributed sacks of candy in Toytown on the fifth floor. At 4.15 p.m. Santa held the first of a series of children's tea parties in the Hudson's Bay restaurant, to which 150 children were invited by personally written invitations from Santa.

—

CHRISTMAS TEA PARTIES

Approximately 5,000 Saskatoon children will be invited to the Santa Claus tea parties, this number having clipped the coupons appearing in the store's advertising columns and mailed them to Santa. The children will come in groups of 150 each day. Santa sends each child who

has mailed a coupon a personally written invitation telling the day and hour on which to come.

—

GENERAL NOTES

Election of officers for the Hudson's Bay employees' welfare association will be held during the week of November 26th. The new officers may be depended upon to launch an extensive and varied programme of entertainments for the coming season.

The store has entered a team in the Mercantile bowling league. Losing the first game, they came back strong in their second, winning by a big margin, the score in the second game being 926. The team

Mrs. Frankish and the two boys, Grant (18) and William (14), were with their father at the end.

A floral tribute was sent from friends in the store.

During the more than four years of Mr. Frankish's sojourn with us he made many friends. His uniform fairness in dealing with salespeople under him and thoughtful consideration for others with whom he had dealings were traits in his character which were very endearing. A quiet, home-loving man, Mr. Frankish was not identified with store sports to any degree, but was always a willing social

in the second game being 926. The team is composed of R. Ballantyne, H. Sheppard, V. Abbott, J. Shannon and Jack Wakeford.

We wish every success to H. Stacey, the new Hoover salesman.

Mr. Strang has been transferred from draperies to staples.

We welcome the following new members to the staff: Misses K. O'Connor, O. Johns, M. Conn, I. Welsh, M. Reynolds, Clarkson, M. Gale, Pearl Smith, Loran, Tipping, M. Kirk, Hinds, Messrs. T. Fair, Haughey, Sheach, Train, Nixon, Stratford.

Winnipeg

RETAIL

DEATH OF J. W. FRANKISH

J. W. Frankish, who for the past four years was department manager at Winnipeg for notions, neckwear and fancy goods, passed away in Toronto November 5th.

He had been ailing for a long time, but the end came with unexpected suddenness. Early in the year Mr. Frankish was slated to proceed to Europe, buying in the interests of his department and similar departments of the other stores. He had begun a tour of the western stores in April last, prior to proceeding overseas, when the illness that finally overcame him first became evident in Calgary.

Under careful nursing and due to kindly offices from officials of the Calgary store, Mr. Frankish picked up and returned to Winnipeg late in the summer. It was while in Toronto on his fall buying trip that the old trouble reasserted itself.

and welfare worker.

He will be greatly missed and long remembered by all who knew him in a business way at Winnipeg.

A consoling thought is that his end came amid family and relatives in his native city Toronto, where he was born December 10th, 1875.

—

THE LATE MRS. WESLEY STRATH

It is with regret that we hear of the passing of Mrs. Wesley Strath at the early age of 21 years. She leaves a sorrowing husband and a new-born son. Mrs. Strath was formerly Miss Marjory Millar, of the grocery staff, and highly popular with all her fellow-workers because of her quiet and cheerful disposition. She left us only about a year ago with bright prospects for a life of wedded happiness.

—

OUR MAMMOTH TOYLAND

We have no hesitation in saying it is the best toytown the store has ever featured. The entire spacious carpet section is given over to the display of a multitude of toys, and is ablaze with colour and light.

Some very clever mechanical toys are taking the fancy of everyone, big and small, this season. Around the walls the display department has excelled itself in the picturing of nursery rhymes, mother goose heroes and heroines, and fairy-lore folk.

Every little boy or girl who enters toytown enters a veritable fairyland of delight. On the opening day, the department was visited by thousands of children eager to receive Santa's free souvenir.

the enjoyment of which the gathering was constantly interrupted by Bert Leckie, who insisted upon recounting in song form certain adventures of his "Under a Spreading Chestnut Tree." Other artists who contributed to the evening's pleasure were Miss Florence Simpson and A. Robinson with songs, and Messrs. Hughes and Liscombe, who made the welkin (whatever that is) ring with clever piano duets.

Mr. Cooke spoke briefly, explaining the

MISS FLETCHER LEAVES

Another old-timer has left the employ of the H.B.C.—Miss Mattie Fletcher, who came to the store in 1911 as a cashier and later joined the grocery department as order-taker in the telephone booth. Some time ago she decided to undertake a more responsible position as home-maker. On the eve of her departure, October 31st, she was presented with a beautiful cut-glass water set by her fellow employees, presentation being made by Mr. Ogston in his usual good-natured way.

Her great popularity was proven by the wonderful send-off her friends gave her as she left the store.

Miss Fletcher was married November 6th to Peter Hutchinson. The happy couple will reside in Winnipeg.

—

"THERE WAS A SOUND OF REVELRY"

A very enjoyable banquet was partaken of by a party of about twenty-five department heads in the store restaurant the evening of Wednesday, November 7th, the occasion being a formal welcome to W. H. Cooke and incidentally a presentation to Mr. Gilkerson, merchandise manager, on the eve of his departure from the Company.

Chef Breitner did nobly in the preparation of a sumptuous repast, during

changes in the administration of the Manitoba and Saskatchewan stores and asking for the co-operation of everyone toward continued success.

Mr. Ogston also spoke, earnestly urging upon all the necessity for striving to reach and maintain the peak of efficiency at all times, so that their manner would reflect a proper example to those under their charge. In well chosen phrases he then presented Mr. Gilkerson with a gold-cased travelling clock in handsome leather box—a memento from those present.

Mr. Gilkerson replied, remarking that during his two years with the Winnipeg store his work had been made happy by the feeling of comradeship that existed.

Song and banter contributed to the success of a memorable evening, chief mirth-maker being R. Leckie.

—

TENNIS

Now that the tennis season has closed, members and associate members can look back upon one of the most enjoyable summers yet experienced. The closing event was a double tournament, one contest for the staff only and one for the staff and associate members.

Final results were:

Staff Tournament

Ladies' Singles—Miss Bigelow (fur trade office).

Ladies' doubles—Miss Smale (retail) and Miss Burnett (land).

Mixed doubles—Miss Burnett (land) and B. A. Everitt (land).

Gents' singles—Mr. Bowdler (retail).

Gents' doubles—Mr. Freeman (retail) and Mr. Bowdler (retail).

Open Tournament

Ladies' singles—Miss Bigelow (fur trade office).

Ladies' doubles—Miss Smyth (associate) and Miss Burnside (associate).

Mixed doubles—Miss Neil (associate) and Mr. Bowdler (retail).

Gents' doubles—Mr. Charlewood (executive office) and Mr. Bowdler (retail).

author and rhymster, our worthy editor of *The Beaver*, and Mr. Liscombe, a composer of music, H.B.C. at Winnipeg is well represented in the fields of higher art.

Visitors to certain parts of the old store will hardly recognize it. Changes are taking place, notably on floor two,

Gents' singles—Mr. Bowdler (retail).

Looks from this list that the "stars" are a little too brilliant for the ordinary players and will have to be dimmed by handicapping next season.

—

GOLF

The remarkably open fall has been a boon to the golfer, although, perhaps, not so welcome in other quarters. Week-ends still see H.B.C. players on the links and, at time of writing, November 19th, the sun is shining brightly and prospects are fine for yet another week-end of golf.

California certainly has nothing better in the way of climate to offer than we Manitobans have enjoyed all summer and fall—that is, talking from a golfer's point of view.

—

RETAIL CURLING

Retail curlers have been fortunate in obtaining ice at the Terminal rink for the coming season. Arrangements have been made for play each Wednesday night at eight o'clock. With twenty-four enthusiastic curlers eager to begin, we are looking forward to a highly interesting season.

—

GENERAL NOTES

"Why Did You Teach Me to Love You?" is the name of a very tuneful new fox-trot composed by Mr. Liscombe, who presides over our sheet music department. Another of Mr. Liscombe's compositions is that catchy waltz, "Kentucky Babe," which is enjoying wide popularity both here and in England. Mr. Liscombe and Mr. Hughes, of the phonograph and piano section, are both accomplished pianists and attract considerable favourable attention and interest to the department by playing duets, using two pianos, sometimes accompanying phonograph selections. With Mr. Watson, a noted

which will add materially to selling and display space. The old land offices have been taken in as part of the store, and wide archways from the staples and millinery departments give access to a spacious annex. Two new show windows on York avenue are also valuable helps to the display of merchandise.

Mr. Pearon is rapidly recovering from the effects of his auto accident. Latterly he has gained seven pounds and is rapidly approaching normal. He is hopefully looking forward to resuming his duties early in the New Year.

Mr. Dunbar, our other automobile victim, has so far recovered that he played a round of golf on Thanksgiving Day. While lying on his back, he more than once smilingly predicted that he'd be on his feet again and golfing by Thanksgiving; and he was. He is one man who has good cause to give thanks.

We extend the hand of welcome to Mr. Fisher, lately of Birmingham and London, who was appointed merchandise manager of the store dating from November 12th. We can safely assure him of the good wishes and co-operation of department managers and the entire staff.

A quiet wedding was solemnised on October 19th, when Miss Gilson was married to Alfred Turvey. Mrs. Turvey has been secretary to Mr. Ogston for the past three years. Prior to that she had acted as stenographer since 1916. The entire store extends to her the heartiest wishes for good luck and future happiness.

General

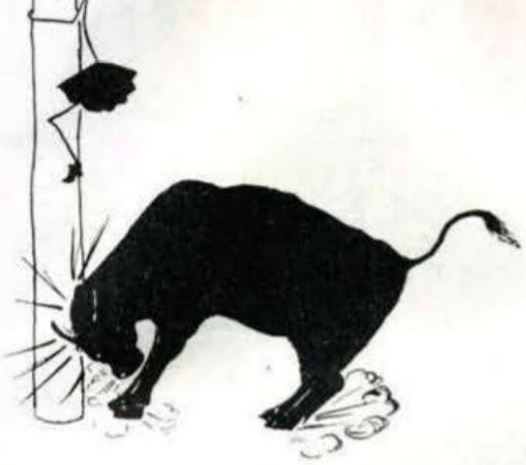
P. A. Chester, of accounts branch, London, England, is at present in Winnipeg on Company's business.

LAND DEPARTMENT

Montreal Wholesale

PRESENTATION TO W. FOWLES

On the occasion of W. Fowles' retirement from the Company's service, he was presented by the staff with a very hand-



There was a young lady called Clare,
Who was taking a walk for the air,
When a silly old fool,
In the shape of a bull,
Made her clamber a pole like a bear.

—

WHOLESALE

E. H. Hughes recently returned from a most successful trip through the West. Mr. Hughes obtained large numbers of substantial orders for the justly famous Hudson's Bay teas and coffee.

Mrs. Stevens and Wee Dave were taken seriously ill with diphtheria. We are pleased to be able to say that at the time of writing both are well round the corner and on the road to health once more.

Mr. Foley has returned from Saskatoon and once more assumes his duties in the tobacco and confectionery departments.

Great excitement prevailed in the dining room recently when Dan Casey went down to defeat to Bob Kane in the first round of the checker tournament. It is believed that the smoke from Dan's famous "gasper" got into his eyes, causing him to make the fatal error that gave Bobbie such a sweeping victory.

Calgary, Vernon, Yorkton—no news this month

some hand-made English cowhide club bag as a mark of the sincere esteem of his co-employees here.

Prior to his departure, a farewell banquet was tendered him at the Windsor Hotel, and as he boarded the Trans-Canada *en route* for Victoria, B.C., many of his friends were there to wish him a safe journey and to express the hope that he and Mrs. Fowles might long be spared to enjoy a well-earned rest.

Reference to Mr. Fowles' service was made in last issue of *The Beaver*, also in vol. 1, No. 7, page 16.

Fur Trade

Mr. A. Brabant, Fur Trade Commissioner, left Montreal for England on Nov. 23rd on Company's business.

Lake Superior District

The editor of *The Beaver* has received a letter from K. H. Patterson in behalf of the Kenora detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police expressing their thanks to F. H. Aldous, Bob Mills and B. Murray, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Lake Superior district, for the great help rendered by them to the R.C.M.P. while the latter were getting in and out of the Red Lake country last summer on the Pigeon Thomas case.

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.
W. M. Thackeray (1811-1863)

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED WHOLE MILK

Has All the Original Rich Flavor

To return Klim Powdered Whole Milk to natural liquid milk, mix with water. You are simply replacing the water which was removed from the original milk by an exclusive process in Klim plants. Klim is not a substitute for milk—it is fresh cows' milk in the most convenient form for keeping the natural freshness and purity intact, until it is required for use.

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

The Best Preparation

If the scout watchword means anything, it means that the best liver is the man who has made full preparations for dying and then quits thinking about it. This is where the Great-West Life steps in and makes it safe for a man to quit thinking. Its provisions in immediate insurance protection, large profits and absolute security make it the best preparation a man can make for himself in the hour of need and for his family should death intervene.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

KIDDIES' CORNER

Indian Youngsters at Play

When Santa Claus Forgot

'Twas the eve before Christmas, and all things were gay—
The people were happy in every way—
And Santa Claus journeyed along in his sleigh
To the City of Winnipeg.

He arrived in the city with presents galore,
But found, to his sorrow, that he needed more;
So he quickly slipped 'round to the Hudson's Bay store
In the City of Winnipeg.

And there he discovered fine toys by the stack,
And, smiling, he hurriedly filled up his sack;
He journeyed once more with them all on his back
Through the City of Winnipeg.

And early next morning, when young folks did see
Their presents, they danced and shouted with glee;
"They're the very best presents," they all did agree,
In the City of Winnipeg.

And so, folks, whenever you're out on the quest
For presents, you know where you'll purchase the best,
For the Hudson's Bay store is ahead of the rest
In the City of Winnipeg.

—*Cyril E. Louth.*

H. B. C.

H stands for honour, a virtue supreme;
U for the Universe wide;
D for the deeds that you some day may do,
S the success you may ride.
O is the cypher from which you must start.
N is the need for an aim.
S stands for surety with which you must speed.
B is the beacon of fame;
A for ambition, the wish to go far.
Y is yourself, on the point of a star.

—*R.W.*

Contributions suitable for H.B.C. kiddies are urgently required for this page.

The Valley of the Shuswap, British Columbia